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THE REIGN OF AUTUMN.

BY ALICE GARY.

The rust is over the mast of the river,
The green is under the grey,
And there on the lower one-winged swallow
Is flying away, and away!

Red are the vines, dead are the roses,
The glare and the glory done,
And down the hollow the wind-whipped swallow
Flying the way of the sun.

In place of summer a dream we enter
The solemn rain restores;
A solemn instead of the tender
Dainty, and darling dears.

But in the mysterious, the full reaglorious,
That under the reign we have!
Sweet and yellow in winter-time ripened
And wheat and millet and corn!

His foods so heavy bound with glory
Maize and oak and chestnut,
And fruits and fallow in the fields are calling,
Like a brother singing to him.

He softly enters and like a mower
That comes when reaping is done,
Lays down his sickle and gold a-gleaming,
Like winter after the sun.

And while the wonder and frost together
Are working in the night
We hear and remember the still December
But heard in the middle night.

And say as we gather the home together,
And light the logs on the hearth,
Help us to follow the light, little swallow,
Fly on to the end of earth!

NORWOOD;

OR

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HENRY WARD BEECHER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER LI.

GETTYSBURGH.

Long before sunrise on the Wednesday morning of the second of July, our army was astir. Reconnoissances in different directions were made. After the farmer's wife had learned from Agnes the business which took such beautiful shape in her mind, she seemed to live upon, to the battle-field; she could not do enough for them; and we believe that no one ever got rid of former said to them:

"Why you were from Gettysburgh; but if any of your friends are wounded, or you want to send any body else here, you a spirit, and we'll take the best we've got enough, and we'll take the best care we can of them. So, remember, if you don't go any better, won't you?"

Thanking them heartily for their kindness, which was in perfect contrast with the brutal demeanor of the Dutch farmers around Gettysburgh on those awful days, they were leaving when, just as they had reached a moment with his wife, he came back and said:

"I reckon it's better go 'long with you a spell. I know some cracks and nurse that may better your case. My mind got sot on't, the nails heads have been full all night, and soldiers are still crowdin' up to the front. I expect there will be another fightin' to-day, and I'll go up. Maybe I can help the wounded folks, if I don't fight myself. That's my kind of work."

Sure enough, the roads were blocked; but their honest farmer Shrod, by lanes, and through and roads in the wood, and by crossing cow fields, toward the front, at last, to the rear of that long line of rocky hills, whose crest and westward slope was already crowded with soldiers.

Not a syllable of disrespect did they receive from soldiers or camp followers. In many instances cheers were given for them, and "God bless you" was showered upon them by regiments and brigades who had seen them on other battlefields. Indeed, there were few regiments in the army of the Potomac where Captain Shrod's name was not known and honored. At certain points, where their old soldiers were all shot, he men flocked around them, and shook hands with them as old friends.

"What's all that?" said a soldier of the —teenth regiment, as his comrade, who was one of the stiff and heard some cheering around their wagons.

"What is it? Why, it's the old one with her two sons. They've shot down in this very moment that don't know Mother Shrod and the Boys of Norwood!"

With that a bright, blue young fellow agreed forward the party with all the eagerness of old. But, as he came up and was not recognized, he stood, hat in hand, and called like a passing boy:

"Why, don't you know me, Aunty Shrod? Do your Willie?"

Aside turned upon him a quiet look.

"Take off your cap! Why, Willie Wooley! I never should have known you!"

And then, passing his hand and smiling proudly on him, she said:

"Why, Willie, how you have improved! how fat and rosy you are! I never should imagine that you were such a poor, pale boy that I snatched from the very hands of death, I do believe!"

And as they, whom those women had nursed through fever, or saved in the hospitals, or carried off, as nuisances on the Potomac to the contraband camps, or fed and clothed at various times and different places. This did not seem like the old days of a field of carnage; it was more like a homecoming.

The firemen were rapidly away. The hospital sheds were selected. The Sanitary Commission had been able to secure no transportation on the railroad; and fortunate it was that thanks to Simon Boner' enterprise—so many wagons had been got through and so large a store of articles was on hand.

All through the forenoon the distant sound of skirmish-firing was faintly heard. It rose and rippled on the air, and died away. Again, from another quarter, it pattered for a half hour, and gradually died out like an expiring drum-beat. Noon came; and no battle. All was suspense. No one that they could reach could give the information. Would Lee retreat? or was not Meade willing to give battle?

The afternoon came on. The wounded of the day before were in Gettysburgh or beyond, or, if brought behind the battlefield, were in the three miles to the north of the position chosen by the Commander for the first defence.

It was after two o'clock. They were resting. Suddenly the great rolling body of Polo Bonney left over his head. Pete, gurgling and laughing, seemed overjoyed to see his old friends.

"Well done! as sure as God," said Agnie, "I knew our Pete was so glad to see your homely black face, Pete, as if you was as white as snow?"

Pete reached out his great hand, to each of them, giving to each of them in turn one down motion that seemed ready to rain them out of the socket, and giggling and laughing, in a way more silly than usual. He rolled up to Rose, with the most foolish look of affection, and began to caress his hands in the air, as if he was taking up a child, or patting and playing with some inferior dog.

"Why, you poor old soul," said Agnie, "we are all so glad to see you. You shall have longed to us."

"Bo, bo, bo! I guess I do. I don't thing to nobody else, except the glorious!"

"Where is Sergt Hall?" asks and Rose almost in the same breath.

"Is he wounded? Is he dead?"

"Yes."

"Well, the eternal boy! keep herself there, Agnie, and I'll go and see him. Where is he, Pete? Can you find him?"

"Yes, I can find him. I find him. I find him. He might just as well wait. He see, danger will come here! where Sergt Hall is, there's battles."

"Pete," said Rose, "do you think we could see Barton's position if we were to go on to that hill?"

"Certain; I'll take you." Pete seemed as if he were himself again to have left in the old days, when she rode upon his shoulder.

Rose mounted and climbed upon his ample, on her way to the edge of Little Round Top. As she ascended the ridge the scene began to open upon her.

In reaching the summit, the view was obstructed by the fringe of woods there left on the top of the hill. But on clearing a clear view of south of the road, Rose obtained a clear view of the right wing where stood the Northern army, extending from where she stood to the left, and the Cemetery Ridge. Just at this point, was tucked up so close to the ground that the ridge that rises over the western side of it, could be seen, fringing the crest where she stood looking over. Upon the ground, which, a little before, was, was ploughed over and covered with orchards. On the south-west lay the Round Top, and the rocky southern knoll of it, near of valleys for ages, that they seemed to have been ploughed into it by the ploughs; but farther north, and over against Cemetery Ridge, the ground was level and open, ran with an easier slope. Above and beyond the Cemetery Ridge, on the opposite, and wide strips of forest, and ten miles away the blue mass of the South Mountains marked up against the horizon.

Between the two long-line ridges on which the armies lay was a mile-wide valley, in southern half of which, by spring and by fall, and cut into with dells and tangles of wood and rock. Through this valley, the Emmettsburgh road was scooped out and smoother. Along the left of the Cemetery Ridge, and parallel with it, had been placed the left wing of Meade's army, running down the slope of the ridge and the ridges on which the rest of the army lay.

To the left of the line, and on the body, as it were, and at some distance from it, the Round Top and Little Round Top were occupied, was Lee's whole aim in the second day's battle, to force back and to have raged with excessive violence. The battle was fought on the left wing of the Northern troops. Neither before nor since has there been such a struggle, continued for so long a time with heroic tenacity and so indomitable will that did not know how to yield. Here, for hours, and here ended the conflict, the Northern troops, though overborne by numbers, were not to spare, pushed back to their true position along the ridge, with great loss to the enemy, and Round Top and Little Round Top inexpugnably guarding the left of the line. And this is a battle-picture.

Pete had followed Rose with more than usual gravity. He seemed like an unsaur hound that was following the scent at a distance like another man. It is true that Pete had no conception of the importance of any one day; nor is it probable that he could have been made to understand strategy, or battles, in any proper and scientific way of stating them. But Pete was an instinctive hunter. He had all the faculties and impulses which belong to the venatorial art. In their ground forms these are not far from the science of warfare.

What one two armies but two huge animals that are hunting each other—each, consulting his own movements and acting, waiting for some opportunity, watching, feigning, striking, pursuing, unguarded moment, or indefensible posture, to spring with concentrated strength and heat tear upon the other! It is vague and rude way of fighting, but it is the way of fighting. Pete felt some such battle before him. He watched the little opposite.

"There Rose!"

"What is it, Pete?"

"What is the Rebs—don't you see 'em?"

"Where do you mean?" said Rose, shading her eyes with her hand.

"Right over the edge of them woods—don't you see the light flash? That's them shinin' on their guns. There 'tis again! Them would is

CONCLUDED ON THE SIXTEENTH PAGE.

"Don't you see? There's one—two right across yonder? Them would is the Rebs. Them would is long irreverently wears. I will be creepin' round behind 'em, I will look, I will look, I will look."

And then Pete, uneasily, like a hound upon the scent, began pulling, and pushing the cousins out toward the scene of battle.

"Pete, what ought they to do?" said Rose.

"Pete, what ought they to do with the Rebs? Why, we must have a conqueror, and with us much faith in his judgment as if he were some man's faith in his judgment."

"No, Pete. I expect they better come."

"I don't know."

The sound of white cloud that held their indistinct course through the air early in the morning was now gone, and, instead, had risen a heaviness unrecorded and unfurrowed. The sun was half way down from the meridian, and the back floods of light along the path it had just left were not yet strong enough to be red. So the vault was paled a little, but blue it was not toward the west. But, since the ground sloped along the horizon, the rusty sunlight flooded all things that were upon the ridge, and, as Rose seemed rich, the north dreamy, and the landscape that lay before Rose's eyes seemed to her tangible nation as if in a tranquil meditation. The distant pets of white smoke, like those seen in stereoscopic views, or occasional ripples of skirmishers' firing seemed not like the phantasm of a tranquil sea upon the shore—second just before the storm. Nothing in the whole field conspired to fill Rose with imaginations of a terrible war. Not a bugle sounding, a wood-bending with men, a military pomp of war. There was singing—a battle way in unwavering through the forest. The tender and fragrant tips to refresh it mouth.

Rose had risen upon the hill, the imagination in which outward things sup to take on the forms of her own mind. So, as she sat there dressed in human feelings. The whole heaven was open to her heart and to it. "There is no war in me? The whole valley watered, "It is peace on earth, and good will toward men." The sweet smell of pine and spicy hush—the birds singing, the cattle contentedly scattered over the pasture or lowing their tails the safe edges of the forest, all seemed to her to be at rest.

Suddenly, right over upon her, came a peal of musketry, like the tearing of heaven. It was quickly through it flashed five flashes of flame; and then a second volley, and then a third, and then a roar upon the shore, quick and sharp, like the crackling of a thousand whips. Then, suddenly, the sharp reports ceased, and were succeeded by a deep, heavy, continuous roar, like the rolling of thunder at a distance. Rose knew that the battle had begun in earnest.

Pete fell down and began to pray.

Rose and Agnes had not heard a word of it.

Pete, with his head upon his breast, was praying with all his might.

Rose and Agnes were still

peace. Wounds were counted as amicable settlements.

The South, impulsive and unrestrained in the expression of feeling, the North, grave and self-contained, more apt to repress than to show feeling—both carried into battle and into the hospital their peculiarities. The Southern brigades, impetuous and fiery, charged yelling and noisy. The Northern men, sometimes hurrahing, yet oftener sternly silent, put their feelings into blows.

The rebel wounded groaned and cried out. The surgeon's knife set loose their tongues. The Northern wounded lay quiet, suppressed the groans, fighting their pains as stubbornly and silently as they had fought the rebels.

Yet it was not all sad in the field hospitals. The slightly wounded kept up excellent spirits. After their hurts were dressed, and they were washed, and refreshed with food and cordials, they became cheerful and chatty. One might have heard in the early night hundreds of narratives which they were recounting to each other, some sad and some grotesque, and some even gay.

Poor Agate for once quite lost her self-possession and burst into tears like a child, when, towards sundown, an ambulance brought in that fair Willie, who that morning had so joyously greeted her. A ball cutting across his face, had put out both his eyes. But he was going on in a path where one needs no eyesight!

"Aunty Bissell—*is* this *you*?" he said, in a gentle, plaintive voice.

"Yes, Willie, it is. God bless you, poor child;" and as Agate stooped to kiss his pale face, her tears dropped upon his cheeks. He could shed no more tears.

"Oh, don't leave me! Stay with me, won't you? Do take hold of my hand. Say something to me. I shall die! Oh, mother, mother, mother! Aunty, don't leave me. Do say something to me!"

Agate bowed down by his side, and while the cannon were yet sounding in the distance, and the air filled with departing souls, she sent up a fervent prayer for the lad.

But others needed care. She hurried from one to another, returning often to speak to Willie, finding him each time weaker, and always whispering either a petition or his mother's name. At the very last, as it grew dark, his mind flickered and seemed working at some childhood remembrance.

"Now I lay me down," said he in a whisper—"now I lay me—what? mother? now I—now I——"

Then for a little while he only whispered; and when Agate next came to him, all his battles were ended in an eternal victory.

Rose was struck with one man's experience. A bluff and brawny man he looked.

"Wal," said he to some who had been asking him about the conflict, "I remember while we was in Sharfy's peach orchard, and the firin' was just beginnin', that a sparrow was singin' in a peach tree. R-r-rip went the rifles. That shet him up. But he began agin. Wh-ang! went the cannon, and for about five minutes they fired and he fired, they fired and he fired back again. But I b'lieve at last they got the upperhand of that sparrow! Queer, wasn't it? I don't remember nothin' else—only it seems as if I had been squirmin' about in a whirlwind of red-hot rain for about a couple of hours."

Hiram re-appeared after an hour's absence, about ten o'clock at night. He had been hunting for Pete, he said.

"For Pete?" said Alice. "Why didn't you hunt for Barton?"

"*That's the way* to hunt for Barton! If anybody'd know where Barton [illegible]"

"Well, did you find Pete?" said Alice.

"Yes, I did."

"Hiram, why don't you [illegible] Barton?"

"Cos you didn't ask me," said Hiram. "Of course I saw him. Do you s'pose I should have been grinnin' about here if Barton was missin'?"

"Has he escaped—and not been hurt?"

"Sound as a nut—pretty well tired though. I guess he's blue too. Sent his love to you, Alice, and good-bye to all the rest, if he never sees you again;—would come over, but has jest got word that he may have to move over to the right wing there by daylight to-morrow morning, to drive out a parcel of rebs that's crept in unawares like."

"Thank God he is safe," said Rose.

Alice seemed lost in thought.

Meanwhile, though greatly tired out, Hiram said he would take a little turn around among the men—which meant to keep on his feet till past midnight, in various helpful offices. It was about midnight when he laid down near a fire, around which sat or lay a score or two of wounded men. He heard them talking of their day's work. A sergeant in the 146th New York was talking:

"I had 'nuff on't too. 'Twas my regiment that was in the brigade that charged in to support Sickles. And we did support him too. And we hadn't more'n time to turn round after that charge before they told us to go at Little Round Top, and we did go at it, and we took that too. Charged bayonets twice within fifteen minutes. And what was the queerest thing, out of that regiment of 800 men we didn't lose but thirty-three in them two charges. But most o' them was officers. In that charge up Little Round Top there happened to be one platoon of rebel sharpshooters in the place, and jest in them two or three minits they picked off our colonel, our leftenant-colonel, three cap'ns—the cap'n o' my comp'ny 'n both leftenants, 'n I do' no how many more. I found myself in command o' that comp'ny pretty sudden.

"Well, after the hottest o' that fightin' was over, I lay down behind a rock and went to sleep; told my second-sargeant to wake me up if there was anything. Well, pretty soon somebody came 'n waked me up, 'n said Gen. Warren wanted to see me.

"You see, where we was was jest before brigade-headquarters; and, right on top of the position, there was a great big high rock that had a view all over the whole field. 'Way down in front o' that, there was a kind of a valley like, all full o' rough ground. There was one place in it they called the Devil's Den. 'Twan't nothin' but rocks—a reg'lar nest on 'em—big boulders standin' up endways, ledges, and all sorts o' things. Now a lot o' rebel sharpshooters they'd got into them rocks, and they was a-waitin'. There couldn't a hat 'a ben showd on top o' that rock on Little Round Top 'thout it had a ball slap through it, and them generals they wanted to git up on there 'n reconnoiter.

"So I went up in the tent. Warren he knowd me; I'd bin under him before, in the old Fifth New York. And there was Gen. Kilpatrick, and Gen. Pleasonton, and Gen. This, and That, and so on. So Warren he says to me, 'Leftenant, can't you take some skirmishers, and go down in there, and clean out them sharpshooters?' Well, that was a command you know jest as much as if he'd said I *must* go and do it. So I said, 'Yes; I want sixty men, and I don't want nobody but volunteers neither.' So he said I might go and git 'em. So I went down to my regiment, 'n I picked out forty old Fifth New York men—the 146th was a new regiment, 'n they'd put these old veterans in to give 'em a *mow-rail*. Then I went to another regiment, 'n got twenty-five more; that was sixty-five, all told. So I got 'em all ready, and I arranged with Warren that, when I'd got down in the valley and got things all straight, I'd wave a handkerchief, 'n then they could git up on the rock. Then I told my men, 'Now,' says I, 'we must break down this slope jest like dust till we git into them rocks down there, and then we must scatter and take cover, pretty much every man for himself. But, one thing—don't you none on you fire till you see me do it. I'm agoin' to git a good place, and blaze away jest as fast as I can, so's to make 'em think there's a whole party o' men jest behind that one rock where I am. Then you wait for 'em to reply. There ain't but about twenty on 'em, all down in that nest o' rocks there in the Devil's Den. When they fire at me, you watch and fire at the place, and there'll be eight or ten on ye firin' at every one on 'em, and somebody 'll hit him.' So we got all ready, and away we went, tearin' down the hill like mad. They giv' us a volley or two when they saw us a-comin', and picked off about a dozen killed and wounded; so when we got down among them ledges and boulders, about two hundred yards away from where the sharpshooters was, I had 'bout fifty-five men. So I went to work a-blazin' away, and the boys they got down behind the stones, and, amongst us, we kep' up a hell of a fire; for every one o' my men had a hundred rounds of ammunition. And every once in a while we'd see one o' them sharpshooters jump up and fling up his hands.

"Then they began to slacken their fire, and my boys had been kinder drawin' up towards me; so says I, 'Now, boys, we'll make a little charge over in there, 'n see if we can't find some o' them fellers.' So we charged over in there, and we thought we'd got pretty near where they was, and we couldn't see nothin' on 'em. You see, 'twas all full o' nothin' but rocks, and they was hid. So I was satisfied that we'd pretty much silenced their fire anyhow, and so I out with my handkerchief and waved it, and the officers they hopt up on the rock. So the rebels, when they saw that, they got mad, and they went to firin' agin, and we began too. So there was a feller a layin' alongside o' me, Sargeant Weaver his name was, and he see a place where one o' the rebels was a firin' out of. So I looked, and there the feller had built up a little place between two rocks with loose stone, and he'd put a big rock across on top, and there he was, a firin' through a porthole at us. So Weaver he wanted to fire at him, and says I, go ahead. So Weaver fired, but he didn't hit him. Well, I had my gun all ready, and I watched close, and when this here feller drew back to load up again, (here the speaker imitated the movements of one ramming down a bullet), I could jest see the back of his head one side of that are rock. So I let him have it, and the bullet struck him right in the middle of his neck, right here, (touching the base of the skull behind.) I should think he jumped up in the air about four feet. Well, when we seen that, we all gave a hurraw, and we charged right over in there, and we gobbled up every one o' them fellers, all except two.

"Well, as soon as the rest on 'em saw what we was up to, a regiment on 'em came down to try and git them sharpshooters back agin. So then our regiment had to come down in bodily to support us. Then a rebel brigade came in, and then our brigade came down too, and we drove 'em back after a little while, and advanced our line the whole of that are two hundred yards, and kept it too.

"When I went up to see Warren, he said all sorts o' things to me, and promised to give me a medal and a commission, and all that. But I don' 'spect to git 'em. Folks forgit easy."

By four o'clock on Friday morning, July 3, the sounds of battle were heard far away on the right wing, on the eastern slopes of Culp's Hill. But before this, before the birds sang, while the very twilight hesitated in uncertainty, Alice was up [illegible] before the ambulances were moving to explore the remotest parts of the battle-field. Alice [illegible] again the path of her yesterday's excursion. But scarcely could she recognize a feature, in the cold gray of morning, of that scene which she had seen late the afternoon in the lurid light of the sun lying low, and in the smoke and wild confusion of battle.

She was alone. She carried, besides a flask and roll of bandages, nothing. Following the road, over the northern edge of Little Round Top, down into the dell below, then inclining to the left, she began to recognize the place where she had seen Barton in the very thick of battle. With trembling eagerness she looked on every hand. The wounded had mostly been removed. Heaps of dead showed where the weight of battle had fallen. Suddenly, and like an arrow shot from a bow, she sprang from the path to the edge of a low forest or thicket, where an officer, half reclining, half sitting, either was asleep, or was dead. It was Tom Heywood.

Alice paused at a few steps; then, venturing nearer—pale, very pale—spoke as if she would waken him from sleep.

"Mr. Heywood! Mr. Heywood!"

Timidly, yet eagerly, she came close to him, laid her hand upon his arm; it fell heavily as she pressed it. She touched his hand and the truth flashed upon her,—he was dead! As one bewildered, and even yet uncertain but that he slept, she gazed upon his calm and noble face.

"Speak to me! Do wake! It is Alice—Alice Cathcart! Oh, Heywood, I would speak to you if it were I lying so! He is not dead! It cannot be death!"

Then looking long and wildly, as a child looks shudderingly into some dark room at night, she lowered her voice and said, in a hoarse whisper: "He is dead! Oh God take *me*!"

Already the light seemed vanishing, and Alice fell fainting upon Heywood's breast. At last she had found upon his bosom a brief rest of love!

A man lying in the edge of the thicket called out to Hiram, who soon after was coming that way:

"I say! I say, stranger!"

"Well, what's up? Where are ye? Oh, there you are. Are you hurt badly?"

"No matter 'bout me jest yet. I kin wait. But I reckon somebody oughter take care of that gal yonder. She's got a fit o' faintin'. That man there is Col. Heywood. He commanded our boys. He was shot yisterday about the time I was. He lived an hour or two, but never spoke."

Hiram needed no quickening as soon as he saw Alice. Lifting her tenderly in his arms, he carried her back to the edge of a small stream that crossed the road but a little back, and then he bathed her face freely.

"Poor child, I guess you've got about the worst wound yit. Alice! Alice! Poor thing, her heart's broke. I allus suspected how 'twas. There—there—that's right; open your eyes. Gracious! don't groan so—don't, child! It'll all be right, poor little thing!"

As she revived, Alice looked at Hiram in a scared and bewildered way. Little by little her memory came with consciousness.

"Hiram, let me go back."

"Why, Alice, don't," said Hiram, in a coaxing way, at the same time drawing her gently by the hand.

"Hiram, I *must* go to him. He is not dead! If we only go quick he will come to. Do go, Hiram—do go!"

It was not in human nature to resist. A short walk brought them again to Heywood. The moment they reached his feet, with sudden revulsion of feeling, Alice stopped short.

"Hiram, he *is* dead! He will never speak again! Oh how noble! Is he not beautiful?"

"Why, Alice, I didn't know as he was in love with you!"

Had he pierced her with a sword she could not have shown a face of anguish such as she instantly exhibited. Then, in a low and half whispered tone she said—a slight color coming to her pale cheek:

"No—he did not love me. But I loved him. And now he never will know it. Oh, Hiram, he was good and noble!"

After a moment's pause she said artlessly:

"You don't think it was wrong, do you, Hiram? I am not sorry. I am not ashamed of it. He was very noble!"

"Lord bless you, child, it was all right, poor thing—it was jest as right as it could be."

Hiram pulled out a cotton handkerchief, which he carried in his hat, and after hemming and coughing a little, and dabbing it first to one eye and then to the other, he began, he did not exactly know why, to wipe his hat; an operation less needful, as it was a straw hat.

Alice sat down by Heywood, apparently unconscious that any one was present. Her thoughts were like an unloosed boat, with no one at the rudder, which turns round and round in the tide, and drifts just as the wind or undercurrents impel it—a boat upon a troubled water and under a dark sky.

"Oh, cruel, cruel! to pick the fairest and noblest! The wicked and ugly have escaped, and he is gone, so good! so good!—Eyes that shall never see again—lips that shall never speak—hands which are death cold! So true—so beautiful—so good! He *was* good! Hush! he stirred! Hiram?"

Hiram had tact enough not to oppose Alice, and humoring her idea that Heywood was only in a swoon, he said:

"I guess, Miss Cathcart, we better take him over, and let the doctors see if anything can be done for him. Mebbe he'll come to."

"Oh, yes! Hiram, dear Hiram, do take him to the camp."

"Well, if you'll go back, I'll see to 't. You can't be no help here, and you may be over there."

Directing some of the ambulance men to remove the body, he led Alice away to Rose.

In a sunny field, close up under the edge of a grove, and about half way between Little Round Top and the bridge across the Rock Creek, of the Baltimore turnpike, a grave was prepared. A chaplain from the sixth corps, of his own church, read the solemn burial service. Three women, half a dozen men, stood around. The roar of distant cannon was the only response.

The sun fell warm in the very grave. Rose had plucked from the near trees some burnished oak-leaves; and hastily plaiting them to a wreath, laid them on Heywood's breast. Thus fell one who hated the war, but was swept into it by the turbulent tide of revolution which he had not strength to resist.

Agate Bissell proposed to Rose that they should send Alice to the farm-house of old father Lobdell, where they had spent Wednesday night. But all thoughts of planning for her comfort were laid aside when they saw Alice's conduct.

After she returned to the hospital, she arranged her apparel with more than common care, stepped forth calmly, but firmly to her merciful duties. Her face was serene but without smiles. Her care and pity, always striking, had in them now an austere tenderness that struck the rudest men with awe and admiration, as if an inspired priestess were among them. Nor, to the end, did Alice ever mention Heywood's name, nor for one waking hour, did she ever forget it!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

PLAYING PORTER.

"It's of no use crying, Nannie. If it wasn't for your own way mostly all your life, you have your [illegible] you to this George Hillworth, it's what I can't do, and what I won't. You'll thank me for it some day, if you don't know enough to be grateful now. So wipe away your tears, and fall in love with the right sort of a fellow, with a good farm to take you to, and I'll say yes, and give you to him with something in your pocket. As for the schoolmaster, I wonder at his impudence. I do indeed."

Whereupon Farmer Tanweather lighted his pipe and began to smoke, as though the matter had been finally adjusted. But Nannie Tanweather did not so consider it. She stood crying near a window, her pretty black hair rumpled and her face all flushed and swollen. Five minutes before she had seen her lover, the village schoolmaster, whose pupil she had been throughout the winter months, walk disconsolately down the garden path, pocketting her father's utter refusal of him for a son-in-law with a very bad grace. And since that moment the world had seemed a very miserable place to her. Not marry her dear George Hillworth, who, if he had not a penny to bless himself with, had what she considered far more valuable—the handsomest face that she had ever seen. Not marry George, who loved her so, and whom she had made up her mind to marry. Even yet little Nannie Tanweather couldn't believe it.

"Oh, father, don't be so cross," she sobbed again. "If George is poor, I am—or, rather, you are—rich; and you can let him live here, and give him half the farm, you know; and then he'll be as rich as anybody."

"If you warn't a gal, I should be tempted to call you a darned fool," said the farmer, with his teeth set over his pipe. "Go and help your marm wash the dishes, and be thankful you an't left to your own direction. The schoolmaster indeed; ha! ha!"

"He 'knows' ever so much," sobbed Nannie.

"Let him know it!" said the farmer. "These booklarnt folks never do make money. I don't know more'n to read and write and cast accounts, and look at me. Go and help your marm, Nannie. I'll find ye another husband, never you fear. Gals with cheeks like your'n don't die old maids."

Nannie saw that it was no use to argue with her father; but to "help her marm wash dishes" was not the sort of comfort she desired. She shut herself in her own room instead, and cried as though her heart would break. "Die an old maid!" Oh, little her father knew of her heart, she sobbed, with that belief in her own constancy which is so very strong at sixteen; little her father knew. Not marrying George, she would never marry any one else as long as she lived—never, never, never. And then Nannie made up her mind to die of consumption as speedily as possible. She was extremely romantic; but, being a good, obedient girl, and under age, she had no thought of disobeying her father. She returned the ring she had worn in secret for six months, and the letters which were so very dear to her. She wrote one little note telling George that she never would forget him, and that her heart should never be given to any one else; besought him, in a postscript, to visit her early grave, and shed a few tears over it; signed herself his "broken-hearted Nannie," and so parted with the man she really loved very tenderly, and who would have been, despite his present want of wealth, a good husband for any girl whom he might have chosen.

Farmer Tanweather, however, thought himself wondrously wise, and, though he had, as he declared, "nothing against the youngster," looked upon the offer of a penniless man's hand and heart to the little heiress of the Tanweather farm as something like an insult.

George Hillworth was a man of honor. He knew that a girl of sixteen could not properly marry without the consent of her parents, and he did not urge her to disobey them. He felt very wretched, but not quite as hopeless as Nannie; and, without quite giving her up, accepted his repulse for the present; and finding his position unpleasant, gave up the school and went away to seek his fortune—a thing a smart young Yankee of sober habits seldom seeks in vain.

"Don't quite forget me," he wrote word to Nannie, on the eve of his departure. "If you'll only wait long enough, I'll come to claim you with something besides slate pencils in my pocket. The old gentleman don't object to me on any other score; and if you love me as I love you, Nannie, you'll be my dear little wife yet."

And Nannie treasured these words a long, long while. But she had no more to keep her in good heart, and soon she heard that George Hillworth had gone to California; and after that he dropped out of sight and hearing as though he had never been.

It was hard for Nannie to bear—very, very hard. She grew thin and lost her color. She would have written poetry but for the difficulty in finding rhymes. She read sentimental stories and cried a great deal, and for a while she snubbed every young fellow who came to the house with "sparking" ideas in his head.

But a girl of sixteen could not keep up this sort of thing long. In a year she was pretty much herself again. She coquetted a little. She dressed herself with care. She looked prettier than ever. At her work you heard her singing like a bird. Still, despite this, she was constant to her absent lover, and as time brought her more than one offer, she steadily refused them all.

"I could not marry the man I chose," she said, "and I will not marry any one I do not like because others choose him."

And in that second phase of her constancy she remained five years, so that people began to say that Farmer Tanweather's heiress would die an old maid, after all, for love of the banished schoolmaster.

The thing was a decided fact in every one's mind when young Harry Clinton came home to Sparrow Hill, and threw the place in commotion by the exhibition of the most elegant wardrobe and the greatest variety of accomplishments ever possessed by any resident of the place. The pet son of the richest man within miles of the Hill, belonging to a family who had scarcely condescended to associate with plain farmers, it was something to talk of when he, with his Parisian completeness of attire, his musical abilities, and his smattering of many languages, made himself sociable amongst the young folks of the neighborhood—was seen at pic-nics and corn-huskings—at singing school and Sparrow Hill Lyceum lectures—and condescended to flirt with the prettiest of the pretty girls in a scientific way which quite distanced all the blooming young farmers, who came prepared to conquer, in their best coats and stiffest collars, and found themselves snubbed and slighted.

He had no regard for the solemn rules of the place. That Tilly Stubbs and Hiram Hodge were "keeping steady company" did not prevent him from evincing admiration for Tilly if he chose.

He enraged "engaged" young men and husbands of blooming young wives by his manners. Yet, after all, he did nothing with which they could find fault openly; and though more than one had uttered secret threats of vengeance, he was apparently on friendly terms with every one, when it was finally decided that he was actually "paying attention to Nannie Tanweather."

Nannie had grown very handsome in all these years, and had improved in every way; and certainly she was by far the finest girl in the place.

Had she been poorer, perhaps his own family [illegible] very rich, and Nannie would some day have all; so, after the first breeze of surprise, the Clintons allowed matters to take their own course.

It was not so at the farm-house, however. There this wooing of young Clinton's was much discussed by the elders, and much thought of by Nannie herself. The two old people were ambitious for their girl, and this was a match to be proud of. They talked it over, coaxing Nannie, flattering her, promising her anything she might desire if she would but listen kindly to Harry Clinton; and she, though she declared that, come what would, she would never have any one, was, after all, not quite sure of her own mind.

George Hillworth had certainly either forgotten her, or was dead, or hopeless of winning her, after all, and it might be even in all these years that he had chosen another wife.

The old folks tried hard to make her believe this; and it was not improbable. Besides, the prospect of being an old maid is never so wild at one-and-twenty as at sixteen. Nannie wept and thought herself the most inconstant girl in the world; but, despite all this, Harry Clinton was so handsome, and said such tender things, and looked so adoringly into her eyes, and was so different from any one she had ever seen—for, though George was handsome, he was a little shabby as a general thing—that she felt herself greatly drawn toward him. She struggled a good while, to do her justice. She even refused Harry once on the plea that she could only give him half her heart. But he persisted, and if a man persists long enough he is sure to have the girl he wants, unless his rival is upon the ground to combat the point with him; and her parents urged her acceptance of this lover, and girls envied her, and it would be something to be Mrs. Clinton; and finally Nannie Tanweather succumbed and plighted her troth to Harry Clinton.

After that she knew the only thing she could do was to make the best of it, and she wore her diamond engagement ring very happily, and was proud of her lover's good looks and high position, though she knew what her parents never guessed: That the schoolmaster with his seedy coat, white often at the elbows, was ten times the man that Harry Clinton was, and loved her an hundred times more truly. He was not quite so handsome, or nearly so elegant, but he was the better man and had the greater heart of the two, as poor little Nannie knew.

Now that she was "engaged," however, she crushed this thought down and made blithe preparations for her wedding and took pleasure in her new clothes and in the presents bounteously bestowed by her approving relatives, and in being seen upon the arm of her elegant lover, in a manner calculated to shock any romantic young lady who approves of broken hearts and constancy, as Nannie did when cruel fate parted her from George Hillworth.

At last the preparations were all made and the wedding day arrived. The guests were invited, and such a supper made ready as had not been seen before at any wedding on Sparrow Hill.

The bridegroom's aristocratic mamma and sisters had condescended to grace the festivities, and on that evening the bride was ready dressed and the bridesmaids also. The happy man had arrived, the parlor was full to overflowing, the supper ready, and everything complete save for one unfortunate circumstance: this was the delay of the clergyman. It was a very singular thing. Old Dr. Miller was always very punctual. Even if he were ill he would surely send some one else to perform the ceremony. So people waited, feeling it a little ominous that such a thing should happen, not only for an hour, but for two and three, and even four. It was midwinter and the snow fell fast, but neither cold nor snow had ever kept Dr. Miller from a wedding before. The final decision was that he had been taken dangerously ill—too ill to speak or think about Nannie's dilemma.

He would not come that night it was at length decided unanimously. It would be impossible, and there was nothing to be done, for it was too late to send to the next village for another clergyman; and finally the bridegroom settled the affair to every one's satisfaction by declaring that they should dance all night and go over in their sleighs to the clergyman's in the morning.

So the supper having waited long enough, the bride and bridesmaids were brought down and the dainties partaken of with many jests and a great affectation of merriment which no one felt.

Before the feast was over a sleigh was heard to jingle up to the door and stop there. But instead of greeting the delinquent clergyman, Farmer Tanweather, who had gone out to meet him, found a dark-bearded man shaking the snow from his great overcoat upon the porch, and was astonished by a grasp of the hand and a burst of congratulations.

"You don't know me, I see," said the stranger. "I am George Hillworth. I heard of the wedding an hour ago, and presumed upon old acquaintance to present myself to offer my congratulations. Let byegones be byegones, Mr. Tanweather. I should like to shake Nannie's hand and wish her joy."

The farmer was a little startled, but he had always liked George as a man, and only disapproved of him for a son-in-law. He told him how matters stood and invited him in. And Nannie under the circumstances had sense enough not to shriek or faint when her old lover stood before her.

She turned pale it is true, but pallor is becoming in a bride.

What George felt it was hard to tell. He was master of his face, and his brown beard and bronzed skin helped him to conceal his emotions, if he had any he cared to hide. He conversed gaily. He joined in the dance, and he was the first to propose a game of forfeits. People rather hailed him as one not under the influence of the awkward state of things, and not disposed to regard the postponement of the wedding.

The grand point of a game of forfeits is, as every one knows, the redeeming them.

Despite the postponement of the nuptials, there really was a good deal of enjoyment when it came to putting pretty girls in corners and making candlesticks of them, and in various other ways devising plans for the exchange of kisses. At last it came to playing "porter," and one after the other had taken the post—the young men always sending for the girls they liked best, and the girls for those who were most indifferent to them, before George Hillworth was called out and imprudently sent a message to the bride. It was a more impudent thing than the majority of the guests or the bridegroom either knew. Though the latter flushed and said, "By Jove!" and for a moment bethought him to keep Nannie from going to receive a kiss, if he could.

After all, it would seem only like jealousy, he thought. And Nannie, feeling frightened and confused, went out, after some delay, wondering if George sent for her to prove how little he cared for forgetfulness of him.

But, once in the dark hall, she knew better. A great hand clasped her's, and George's voice whispered:

"Nannie, do you love him better than you do me?"

And all that Nannie could say was:

"Oh, George, if you could not come sooner, why did you come at all?"

"You promised to be patient," said George.

"But you seemed to have forgotten," said [illegible]

"You *don't* like him the best, Nannie," said George. "Listen, my dear. You are of age now and the case is desperate for me. I'm not as rich as that fellow you know, though I'm no longer poor. So, if you'd rather have him, I'll—go and send the reverend gentleman who is locked up in his own stable. I couldn't let him come until I had seen you, Nannie; and it was such a tempting thing to turn the key as he was kneeling with his back to the horses. He had just told me about your wedding—my first hint of it. If you say so, I'll do it. If not, my sleigh is at the door, and *our* minister is awaiting us at C——."

Nannie gave a little frightened cry; but let him kiss her.

* * * * * *

"By Jove! they stay out there," said Harry Clinton.

A few minutes after, pulling open the door of the parlor—but the hall was empty, the outer door wide open, and the snow drifting in; while far away they heard a faint jingle of sleigh-bells!

"It's a joke; they're hiding somewhere," said one.

But Farmer Tanweather guessed the truth:

"They've run away together, Nan and that fellow. She always liked him best," he said.

And he was right; for, by that time, the pair were far upon their way; and, before they were overtaken, were fairly married.

It has been said by those who know that Nannie never has regretted playing "porter," and that George makes her an excellent husband. And certain it is that the parental forgiveness was speedily accorded; and that Harry Clinton, not long after, proved that his heart was not quite broken, by espousing a lady far more to the liking of his aristocratic friends than Nannie Tanweather.

Nothing Durable but Good Deeds.

I shall not, therefore, be ambitious of a rich mausoleum after my death, for the repose of my body; nor do I desire a stately sepulchre, a beautiful urn, or that my name or actions should be engraven in marble; I know this, that if I shall be miserable and unhappy hereafter, they will be but for my greater shame and reproach. Out of this life I can carry nothing but my good works; I will not add unto my evil ones that of vain glory; I will take heed whereon I set my heart, since the accomplishing of what I wish may be a punishment of my desires; if those things of the earth, which I most love and desire should continue long, be taken from me, it is a chastisement of my earthly affection; and if I be permitted to enjoy them, I am fearful that they may be the temporal reward of some good work, which may either diminish or deprive me of the eternal.

ALMSGIVING.—It is the *will* that gives worth to the oblation. The poorest giver, therefore, as to God's acceptance may be upon a level with the richest. Nor is this all; but, so perfectly does the value of all charitable acts take its measure and proportion from the will, and from the fullness of *heart* rather than the fullness of the *hand*, that a less supply may often be a greater charity. The widow's mite, in the balance of the sanctuary, outweighs the shekels and the talents of the opulent.

COWARDICE.—Every man capable of doing a secret injustice, is a coward. He will shrink, shuffle, and equivocate, but if held by the firm grasp of truth and courage, cannot escape an ignominious exposure.

"The brave man is not he who knows no fear,
For that were brutish and unnatural;
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues
And boldly dares the danger nature shrinks from."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

SIX MONTHS.

BY MRS. G. E. L. THOMAS.

Six months ago, on foot of ground,
To all the earth we called our own;
To-day, our little spot is ours,
Only by right of sleeping flowers.
Are they in a dreamless rest?
We weep, yet say, "God knoweth best!"

Six months ago, over all our joys
Hung not a cloud, so fresh and green;
When spring-time came, we'd pass the door
And fairest flowers to bloom seemed
Then let the cool waves with music flow,
And over it like live winds blow.

Six months ago, a loved spouse
Where children might have wandered free,
Who ears may not now the music hear,
Our feet may long and sad but there,
And whenever we dwell or roam
This spot we still must call our home.

Six months to come! Oh, who can tell
What other changes may be found!
What other seasons may appear
To fill this cemetery ground!
Who can foresee? What other one!
Then this—the deepest—what is best!

THE FAITHFUL SERF.

BY FRATLINE PIER.

CHAPTER I.

"I beg to differ with you, my lord Baron," said Admiral Uraki.

"How? you say that it is to enhance that the noblest qualities of the soul are shut?"

"Yes," replied the admiral, as he slowly drew the ends of a long fur from his mouth, as was his every stand, and began to stir it exceedingly through the air. "For it is only required in that the lower rank go in the aisle of intelligent consent that the superiors may put their noses into, and use purse the instincts."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Andalus, "and the baron, with a shrug: "but the excellence of the heart, you surely do not mean that the greatest excite the science to the expression of these?"

"Assuredly I do. The faith of the Indian is matter of history, the gratitude of a Bedouin is a proverb, and as for the peasant never! but it is when the statesman or a potentate keep faith beyond expectation."

"They," interposed the baron, "to progress downward to the level of the earth. Well, it is said that the coy maiden resides in a web."

"Nausea!" responded the admiral.

"The untutored man is what God intended man formed should be—an education, instead of developing the flower of sincerity, has imparted snarcissism and subtlety. The first taste of knowledge was the

"And because the tree should have been down there," remarked the baron, with another shrug of his shoulders.

"Yes," replied the admiral, with another sigh, accompanying the words with a thrust of the fur upon the table, "you are one among thousands of exhibitions."

"There is much truth," said General Longuef, who had hitherto maintained silence, "in that old English maxim, 'pass as the twig is bent the tree is inclined.' If one possesses integrity, honesty, and other exalted virtues by nature, cultivation may improve them, and vice versa."

"Ah, I perceive," said the admiral, "that it is difficult to argue against intuitive perception, and not my conviction is founded upon an experience which, I must have, might justify it in your eyes."

"General Longuef, the count would be pleased to hear your opinion," said the baron, turning to the general, who, with his head resting upon his hand, had closed her with the fatherliness of a parent.

"Ah, I was dreaming," said the general, as he shook himself, and then continued, "I am inclined to think that the admiral is right, for I have had occasion to observe the same in my own household."

"Then," exclaimed the baron, "relate the wonderful circumstance. It may enhance to that society, like a shadow to the water, in upside down."

Admiral Uraki pulled his gray moustache and glared into his goblet of cup of the Xy, then collected

"It is a painful reminiscence, but—

"We excuse you," was the simultaneous exclamation from the gentlemen present.

"But it may be told," continued the admiral, "that I was the general of the armies of Russia, and, speaking in Russian, for the convenience of had been married on to Russia, ordered him to remove.

"The servants immediately took away the cups of cold now and the plates of fruit, leaving only a bottle of Xeres in the centre of the the the wine, according to custom, they had been table where, according to custom, they had been placed, and the party sat down to dinner. They placed at right of the gentlemen of the guests, fresh bottles of Chipout, and those not of exhausted glasses from which a Russian is apt to stop drinking his champagne; then, as a signal from their master, they withdrew to await further functionary bowing low to obeisance as he dropped the tapestry to the floor.

Silence reigned during a brief time in the apartment. A fire built occasionally in the huge fire beneath the table, settled himself back in the luxurious chair of a man who had enjoyed a dinner and was quite ready for a good story, for with the latter eyes fixed curiously upon he admiral's face. The general, with a slight's abstraction, had sought sight, on the reverse of the cloth, of the Port of Saint-Croix, more than a thousand miles away, and was apparently drifting to dreamland. The host himself, with the wealth of years and fifteen millions on the portion of a navy-letter, appeared reclining upon the table and looked upon the tip of which he fill held.

To those was a fair place for imparting a moderate appetite. It was small, of octagon form, with a window which were hung with yellow silk, and the ceiling, in keeping with the apartment, was covered with the same. Mirrors formed the two lower sides of the room, one adjacent, which gave the appearance of a conservatory. This door was now closed from the room, its sashing, and the guests since the flowers floated past and mingled with a portion of the wines. Opposite the glass sat, and nearly side by side, stood two mantelpieces, one covered the glowing fragments of Pet Arkwrights, the other the no less stern but cheerful sight of its beautiful contents.

Above table, a chandelier, cut like a star, whose a pendant with hundreds of wax candlelighted a flood of mellow light over the guests' sombre, the sherry yellow hangings, the mirrors, and the dark, bearded faces of the Urbans.

The un, with his half-shut eyes upon the host, had apparently in his seat, but presently raised in fastest him. Not thus the general, who, lay behind the latter-dazzling portion of the path, with his finger-nail resting at the point the baronet, looked across and exclaimed:

"Thery, my friend."

The seal lifted his eyes and began:

"Yeni, has that twenty years ago I lost a dough"

The eye exchanged a glance. One paled, the observer red, but neither found voice to address a word.

"My friend," continued the admiral, his gaze still fixed, "as he proceeded—my only child, and a Petersburg knave—snatched from exile, at midday, in the very palace. The deed of disappearance was in have been accomplished. The servant, the most regular of his prominence had been implicated in the treason of the unfortunate Prince M——. Ten remembers the arrest of the prince and of his train—accomplices they were called—and their fate—was to death, or to the living tomb, one, with confiscated estates, to banishment. But one was not to be found between a double file of soldiers pass out of the city on the way to siberia, but was permitted to speak with him. I came home to conduct Ursula, she intended calling on what I said of the young man's looks and bearing, thanked me, kissed me, and left the world for him that I had never seen. I went, and I saw her no more, neither did any person in the palace see her after she entered.

"I cannot describe my wife's terror and grief when we found that our child was missing. The police were summoned, and we began a systematic and thorough search. Every part of the palace,—each room, cabinet, corridor and closet was examined; the crypts in the cellar and the wine-vaults were explored with torches; the gardens and offices of the arsenal, the stables with the cold windows, even the angles of the wall around the gardens were investigated, every wardrobe was turned inside out, all the servants questioned, and every means taken that did we discover of Ursula. On the second day of search, a dress and one of the child's shoes were found in a cloak of satin fur, in the grounds, which had been sent to the tailor's. The prisoners, which had been sent to Siberia, were examined in their cells, but the police were dismissed with curses and threats by the gentle Prince.

"The servants, who had been questioned in the most gentle manner, were now subjected to the most severe examination, but without success. Each one declared that he knew nothing of the child, and each one declared that he knew nothing of the child, and each one declared that he knew nothing of the child, and

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1867.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

No. XII.

TEMPERANCE IN ALL THINGS.

On the first day of January, 1824, while living in Westhaven, Vt., I deliberately resolved to drink no more spirituous liquors. At this time, I had heard of persons who had made a kindred resolve, but I had not known one. I probably had heard that Temperance societies had somewhere been formed, though I do not now distinctly recollect the circumstance. I believe the first American society that adopted the principle of Total Abstinence—at least from distilled liquors—had been organized in a rural township of Saratoga county, N. Y., in 1817; but the American Temperance Society was yet unknown, and did not adopt the principle of Total Abstinence from Alcoholic beverages until 1833.

Whiskey was the universal luxury—I might say the poor man's *only* luxury—in Vermont, as rum had been in New Hampshire. The apple-tree flourished luxuriantly, and bore abundantly on the virgin soils wherein it was generally planted; and while each settler's "clearing" was shut in by the grand, old woods which softened the harsher winds and obstructed the dissemination of fruit-destroying insects. Good peaches were grown in southern New Hampshire fifty years ago; whereas they can no longer be produced, save rarely and scantily, in southern New York. Cider was, next to water, the most abundant and the cheapest fluid to be had in New Hampshire, while I lived there—often selling for a dollar per barrel. In many a family of six or eight persons, a barrel tapped on Saturday barely lasted a full week. Whoever dropped in of an evening expected to be treated to cider; a mug, once emptied, was quickly refilled; and so on, till every one was about as full as he could hold. The transition from cider to warmer and more potent stimulants was easy and natural; so that whole families died drunkards and vagabond paupers from the impetus first given by cider-swilling in their rural homes.

I believe I was five years old when my grandfather Woodburn's house in Londonderry was, one winter day, filled with relatives, gathered, in good part, from Deering, Windham, and from Vermont towns originally settled from the old hive; who, after dinner, departed in their sleighs to visit some other relative, taking our old folks with them, and leaving but three or four little boys of us to keep house till their return. A number of half-smoked cigars were left on the mantel, and some evil genius suggested to us tow-headed urchins that it would be smart and clever to indulge in a general [illegible] was soon the sickest mortal on the face of this planet. I cannot say as to my comrades in this folly; but that half-inch of cigar-stump will last me all my life, though its years should outnumber Methuselah's. [illegible] my filial duty to fill and light my mother's pipe, when she had lain down for her after-dinner nap; and she, having taken it, would hold it and talk till the fire had gone out, so that it must again be lighted and drawn till the tobacco was well ignited; so I know that, if I had not been proof against narcotic seduction, I should have learned to like the soothing weed; but I never used nor wished to use it as a sedative or a luxury after my one juvenile and thoroughly conclusive experiment. From that hour to this, the chewing, smoking, or snuffing of tobacco has seemed to me, if not the most pernicious, certainly the vilest, most detestable abuse of his corrupted sensual appetites whereof depraved man is capable.

In my childhood, there was no merry-making, there was no entertainment of relatives or friends, there was scarcely a casual gathering of two or three neighbors for an evening's social chat, without strong drink. Cider, always, while it remained drinkable without severe contortions of visage, Rum at all seasons and on all occasions, were required and provided. No house or barn was raised without a bountiful supply of the latter, and generally of both. A wedding without "toddy," "flip," "sling," or "punch," with rum undisguised in abundance, would have been deemed a poor, mean affair, even among the penniless; while the more fortunate and thrifty of course dispensed wine, brandy and gin in profusion. Dancing—almost the only pastime wherein the sexes jointly participated—was always enlivened and stimulated by liquor. Militia trainings—then rigidly enforced at least twice a year—usually wound up with a drinking frolic at the village tavern. Election days were drinking days, as they still too commonly are; and even funerals were regarded as inadequately celebrated without the dispensing of spiritous consolation; so that I distinctly recollect the neighborhood talk, after the funeral of a poor man's child, that, if he had not been mean as well as poor, he would have cheered the hearts of his sympathizing friends by treating them to at least *one* gallon of rum. I have heard my father say that he had mowed through the haying season of thirty successive years, and never a day without liquor; and the account of an Irishman who mowed and pitched throughout one haying—drinking only buttermilk, while his associates drank rum, yet accomplished more and with less fatigue than any of them—was received with as much wondering incredulity as though it had been certified that he lived wholly on air. Nay: we had an ordination in Amherst nearly fifty years ago, settling an able and popular young clergyman named Lord (I believe he is now the venerable ex-President of Dartmouth College) to the signal satisfaction of the great body of our people; and, according to my recollection, strong drink was more generally and bountifully dispensed than on any previous occasion: bottles and glasses being set on tables in front of many farmers' houses as an invitation to those who passed on their way to or from the installation to stop and drink freely. We have worse liquor now than we had then, and delirium tremens, apoplexy, palsy, &c., come sooner and oftener to those who use it; but our consumers of strong drink are a class; whereas they were then the whole people. The pious probably drank more discreetly than the ungodly; but they all drank to their own satisfaction, and (I judge) more than was consistent with their own good.

My resolve not to drink was only mentioned by me at our own fireside; but it somehow became known in the neighborhood, where it excited some curiosity, and even a stronger feeling. At the annual sheep-washing in June following, it was brought forward and condemned, when I was required to take a glass of liquor, and, on my declining, was held by two or three youngsters older and stronger than I, while the liquor was turned into my mouth, and some of it forced down my throat. That was understood to be the end of my foolish attempt at singularity.

It was not, however. I kept quiet, but my resolution was unchanged; and, soon after my removal to Poultney, I "assisted" in organizing the first Temperance Society ever formed in that town—perhaps the first in the county. It inhibited the use of distilled liquors only; so that I believe our first President died of intemperance some years afterward; but a number still live to rejoice that they took part in that movement and have since remained faithful to its pledge and its purpose. I recollect a story told by our adversaries at that time of a man who had joined the Temperance Society just organized in a neighboring township, and, dying soon afterward, had been subjected to an autopsy, which developed a cake of ice, weighing several pounds, which had gradually formed and increased in his stomach, as a result of his fanatical devotion to cold water. Alas! that most of our facetious critics have since died, and no autopsy was needed to develop the cause of *their* departure! A glance at each fiery proboscis, that irradiated even the cerements of the grave, was sufficient.

Total Abstinence has never yet been popular in this nor in any other great city; and, as liquor grows unfashionable in the country, it tends to become less and less so. A great city derives its subsistence and its profits from its ministrations not only to the real needs of the surrounding country, but to its baser appetites, its vices, as well; and, as the country becomes less and less tolerant of immoral indulgences and vicious aberrations, the gains of cities therefrom, and their consequent interest therein, most steadily increase. Time was when the young man of means and social position, who shunned the haunts of the gamester, the wiles of the libertine, and never indulged in a drunken "spree," was widely sneered at as a "milksop," or detested as a calculating hypocrite. Sheridan's Joseph Surface admirably reflects the once popular appreciation of such absurd, fanatical Puritanism; but, as the world grows wiser and (in an important sense) better, a great though silent change is wrought in public sentiment, which compels the vicious to conceal indulgences which they formerly paraded, and maintain an exterior decency which would once have exposed them to ridicule. Thousands who formerly gratified their baser appetites without disguise or shame, now feel constrained, not to "leave undone," but to "keep unknown," by hieing to some great city, where no one's deeds or ways are observed or much regarded so long as he keeps out of the hands of the police, and there balance a year's compelled decorum by a week's unrestrained debauchery. Fifty years back, a jug would readily be filled with any designated liquor at almost any country store; now, the devotee of alcoholic potations must usually send or take his demijohn to the most convenient city, where it will at once be filled and dispatched to its impatient, thirsty owner; and so, as the Liquor interest grows weaker and weaker in the country, it becomes stronger and yet stronger in the cities, whose politics it fashions, whose government it governs, by virtue of its inherent strength and apprehensive activity. And thus the Liquor Traffic has greater strength and vitality in our city to-day than it had twenty to forty years ago.

Sylvester Graham first appeared in New York as a lecturer, I think, in the Winter of 1832-3. He had been a Presbyterian clergyman settled [illegible], and was styled "Dr.," though I do not know that he ever studied or practiced medicine. He had an active, inquiring mind, and a considerable knowledge of physics, metaphysics and theology; he was a fluent and forcible though diffuse and egotistical speaker, and he was possessed and impelled by definite convictions. He was at home in single combat alike with Alcohol and Atheism; but there was nothing narrow in his Temperance nor in his Orthodoxy. He believed, therefore taught, that Health is the necessary result of obedience, Disease of disobedience, to physical laws; that all stimulants, whether alcholic or narcotic, are pernicious, and should be rejected, save, possibly, in those rare cases where one poison may be wisely employed to neutralize or expel another; he condemned Tea and Coffee as well as Tobacco, Opium, and Alcoholic potables—Cider and Beer equally with Brandy and Gin, save that the poison is more concentrated in the latter. He disapproved of all spices and condiments, save (grudgingly) a very little salt; and he held that more suitable and wholesome food for human beings than the flesh of animals can almost always be procured, and should be preferred. The bolting of meal, to separate its coarser from its finer particles, he also reprobated; teaching that the ripe, sound berry of Wheat or Rye, being ground to the requisite fineness, should in no manner be sifted, but should be made into loaves and eaten precisely as the mill-stones deliver it. Such is, in brief, "the Graham system," as I heard it expounded in successive lectures by its author, and fortified by evidence and reasoning which commanded my general assent. A boarding-house was soon established, based on its principles, and I became an inmate thereof, as well as of others afterward based on the same general ideas, though I never wholly rejected the use of meat. Tea I never cared for, and I used none at all for a quarter of a century; now, I sometimes take it in moderation, when black and very good. Coffee had for years been my chief luxury—coffee without breakfast being far preferable to my taste to breakfast without coffee; but, having drank a strong cup of it one evening at a festive board, I woke next morning to find my hand trembling, and I at once said, "No more coffee!" and have not drank it since. My taste gradually changed thereafter, so that I soon ceased to crave, and now thoroughly dislike the beverage. And, while I eat meat and deem it, when unspoiled by decay or bad cookery, far less objectionable than hot bread, rancid butter, decayed fruits, wilted vegetables, and too many other contributions to our ordinary diet, I profoundly believe that there is better food obtainable by the great body of mankind than the butcher and the fisherman do or can supply, and that a diet made up of sound grain, (ground but unbolted,) ripe, undecayed fruits, and a variety of fresh, wholesome vegetables, with milk, butter and cheese, and very little of spices or condiments, will enable our grandchildren to live in the average far longer and fall far less frequently into the hands of the doctors than we do.

My wife, whose acquaintance I made at the Graham House, and who was long a more faithful, consistent disciple of Graham than I was, in our years of extreme poverty, kept her house in strict accordance with her convictions; never even deigning an explanation to her friends and relatives who from time to time visited and temporarily sojourned with us; and, as politeness usually repressed complaint or inquiry on their part, their first experiences of a regimen which dispensed with all they deemed most appetizing could hardly be observed without a smile. Usually, a day, or at most two, of beans and potatoes, boiled rice, puddings, bread and butter, with no condiment but salt, and never a pickle, was all they could abide; so, bidding her a kind adieu, each in turn departed to seek elsewhere a more congenial hospitality.

On the whole, I am satisfied, by the observation and experience of a third of a century, that all public danger lies in the direction opposite to that of vegetarianism—that a thousand fresh Grahams let loose each year upon the public will not prevent the consumption, in the average, of far too much and too highly seasoned animal food; while all the Goughs and Neal Dows that ever were or can be scared up will not deter the body politic from pouring down its throat a good deal more "fire-water" than is good for it. And, while I look with interest on all attempts to substitute American wines and malt liquors for the more concentrated and maddening decoctions of the still, I have noted no such permanent triumphs in the thousand past attempts to cast out big devils by the incantations of little ones as would give me reason to put faith in the principle or augur success for this latest experiment.

A FEW OF THE THOUGHTS OF PASCAL.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Some small books, like some small men, have a numerous and important offspring. The "Thoughts of Pascal" may be considered the parent of a whole department of modern literature—the literature relating to what are generally styled the "Evidences of Christianity." The mind of Pascal was at once fervid and acute. He was in deadly earnest. But then he was as ingenious in suggesting difficulties as he was in removing them, and he imagined so many arguments against his own belief, that an eminent writer thinks that his work has, upon the whole, caused more unbelief than it has cured. Many of his opinions, too, that were uncontroverted in his own day, the world has outgrown, and the modern mind is lost in wonder that so great a man could have entertained them. The intelligent reader, I am sure, will be interested in knowing something of the serious thoughts of a superior French mind of two centuries ago.

Pascal was fully persuaded that miracles were still performed in this world. One of his nieces was afflicted, for three years and a half, with a fistula in the tear-gland of one of her eyes, which the most eminent surgeons of Paris pronounced incurable. The mother of the child, acting upon the advice of Pascal, took her to a church where was preserved what was called "the holy thorn," that is, one of the thorns of Christ's crown of thorns. The fistula was then so bad that matter ran from it, not only through the eye, but from the nose and mouth. "Nevertheless," she says, "the child was cured, in a moment, by the touch of the holy thorn." Pascal himself was a thorough believer in this miracle, and it was chiefly through his exertions that the church solemnly certified to its authenticity, which he records as a triumph for the faith.

"My brother," writes the joyful mother, "was sensibly touched by this grace, which he regarded as done to himself, since it was wrought upon a person who, besides her relationship, was also his spiritual daughter in baptism: and his consolation was extreme to see that God manifested himself so clearly at a time when the faith appeared as if extinguished in the hearts of most. So great was his joy that he was penetrated with it; and this to such a degree, that, his mind being full of it, God inspired him with an infinity of admirable thoughts upon miracles, which, throwing a new light upon religion, redoubled the love and respect which he had always had for it."

Pascal was of opinion that pleasure, in all its forms, was hurtful and wicked, and upon this opinion he uniformly [illegible]. He said: "[illegible] however rich and wise they may be in the world's regard, are downright pagans before God." "An advantageous marriage is as desirable in a worldly point of view as it is vile and prejudicial in the sight of God."

Holding this opinion, he not only abstained from marriage himself, but induced one of his sisters to enter a convent, and urged his married sister vehemently not to entertain any offers of marriage made for her children during their minority. The utmost that he would concede was, that marriage might in some cases be allowed as the least of many evils.

Friendship, also, he considered perilous to the soul, foolish and unchristian. Upon one of his papers was found written this passage:

"It is unjust that a person should attach himself to me, even though he does it with pleasure and voluntarily. I should deceive those in whom I should kindle a friendly feeling for myself; for I am not the true object of any one's regard, nor have I that within me which could satisfy them. Am I not soon to die? Then the object of their attachment will be no more. As I should be a guilty man if I caused any one to believe a falsehood, even though I insinuated the lie gently, and both of us derived pleasure from the deception, so I am not the less guilty if I cause any one to love me; and if I attract people to myself, I ought to caution them against the deceit, however agreeable it may be, for they ought to pass their lives and devote all their energies to pleasing and seeking God."

This was hard doctrine to his affectionate sister and her children. But the man was better than his doctrine, and he both loved and attracted love, in spite of it.

Poverty and sickness he regarded as among the chief of blessings. He almost went as far as the modern French philosopher, Proudhon, who said, "Property is robbery." "No Christian," he used to say, "has a right to use any more of his property than is strictly necessary for his maintenance and the maintenance of those dependant upon him;" all the rest, he thought, *belonged* to the poor and needy, and could not be withheld from them without injustice. He acted upon this principle most scrupulously. With regard to sickness, he considered it a signal favor of Heaven.

"Pity me not," said he when some one expressed sympathy for his sufferings, "pity me not, for sickness is the natural state of Christians; because, when a man is sick, he is just as he ought to be always—suffering pain, enduring the privation of all the good and all the pleasures of sense, exempt from the evil passions which work within him all his life, without ambition, free from avarice, and in the continual expectation of death. Is it not precisely so, that Christians ought to pass their lives? And is it not a great happiness when a man cannot avoid living exactly as he ought to live, and has nothing to do in the matter except submit to his lot humbly and without repining? This is the reason why I ask nothing of God except this grace."

He had his desire fully satisfied, for the last four years of his life were only a lingering death. One symptom of his disease was an inability to drink. He could take liquid only a drop at a time, so that one of the nauseous doses of medicine which people took in those days—large goblets of black and thick abomination—was to him an hour's torture which he endured with more than patience. He relished his misery and enjoyed the long disgust as a precious mortification. During the last years of his life, he appeared to suffer much for the kindness of his friends and the abundance by which he was surrounded. He asked to have some poor sick man brought into his room to be treated with the same care as himself.

"I wish," said he, "to have the consolation of knowing that there is at least one poor sick person as well treated as I am, so ashamed am I to see around me such an abundance of good things. When I reflect that, while I have every alleviation, there are an infinite number of poor who are more sick than I, and yet are in want of things the most necessary, the thought gives me such pain that I can scarcely support it."

This was a touching and noble thought, and one that must frequently occur to persons of good feeling who enjoy every comfort in the midst of a wretched and destitute people.

When we turn from the conversation of this refined devotee to the work by which he is chiefly known, the "Thoughts of Pascal," we observe the same mixture of fine moral feeling and perverted sense. In the early chapters, he employs all his acuteness in showing the weakness, the ignorance, the incapacity of man, and thus prepares the way for his main object, which is to show man's need of the guidance of an infallible Church. A few of the striking detached "Thoughts," in the first part of the volume, are the following:

"Do you wish people to believe something good of you? Say nothing about it yourself."

"If Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, all the politics of the world had taken another turn."

"If all men knew what others said of them, there would not be four friends in the world."

"Because people are disinterested, we ought not to conclude with certainty that they do not lie, for there are people who lie for the sake of lying."

"When every thing moves equally, nothing seems to move, as in a ship. So when all is going toward destruction, nothing seems to be out of order. The man who stops sees the rest hurrying to ruin, as from a fixed point."

"A little thing consoles us, because a little thing afflicts us."

"I do not admire the excess of a virtue—such as valor, for example—unless I see in the same person the excess of the opposite virtue—as in Epaminondas, who had extreme valor and extreme benignity."

"How pleasant, that a man should have the right to kill me because he lives on the other side of a river, and because his prince has a quarrel with mine, though I have none with him!"

"I wish with all my heart to see an Italian book, of which I know only the title, which alone is of more value than many books. 'Opinion rules the world.'"

"Vanity is so fixed in the heart of man, that a soldier, a laborer, a cook, a porter, vaunts himself and wishes to have his admirers; and philosophers themselves not less. And those who write against glory desire the glory of having written well, and those who read such a discourse desire the glory of having read it; and I who write this have, perhaps, the same desire, and, perhaps, those who will read it."

"Those who despise men most, and compare them with the beasts, still wish to be admired and believed, and thus contradict themselves."

"Man is but a reed, the feeblest in nature; but he is a thinking reed. The entire universe need not arm itself to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water, suffices. But though the universe should crush him, man would still be nobler than that which slew him, because he would know that he was dying; while of the advantage which the universe had over him the universe would know nothing."

"Nature is an infinite sphere, of which the centre is everywhere, the circumference nowhere."

"The good there is in a book was hard for the author to acquire, but the bad can be corrected in a moment."

"Rivers are roads that march, and carry us where we wish to go."

"[illegible] knows himself to be miserable. A tree does not know that it is miserable. To know ourselves miserable, then, is to be miserable; but it is also great to know ourselves miserable. Our very misery proves our greatness; it is the misery of a great lord, of a king dethroned."

"Here is a proof that man hates the truth, which fills me with horror: The Catholic religion does not oblige us to reveal our sins to all the world; it permits us to conceal them from all men, except one only, to whom it commands us to discover the bottom of the heart just as it is. There is just one man in the world whom we are required to undeceive, and that one man is bound to keep the secret inviolable, so that this knowledge is in his mind as though it were not. Can we imagine anything more charitable and tender? And yet, such is the corruption of the human heart, that it finds something hard in this law; and this is one of the principal reasons for the revolt against the church in all Europe. How unjust and unreasonable is the heart of man, to think it an outrage to be required to do to one man what it would be only right to do to all! For, is it just that we should deceive our fellow men?"

These few specimens will suffice to give an idea of the ingenuity and point of the "Thoughts." When the author has completed the survey of the weakness and helplessness of us poor mortals, then he developes, with the same acuteness, the arguments which convinced him of the divine origin and binding authority of the Christian religion, as expounded by, and contained in, the church in which he was born. This part of his work has been drawn from as freely by Protestant as by Catholic writers, since the greater part of it is devoted to establishing the faith common to both; and Pascal treats this part of his subject so exhaustively, that I doubt if there can be discovered in any modern author a single argument for the divine origin of Christianity the germ of which cannot be found in Pascal.

A WHOLESOME SIGN.

Dealers in the superfluities of life complain that trade is dull. Even the sale of articles of real utility has somewhat fallen off during the last two years, and for the simple reason that people take greater care of them than they used to do, and wear them out instead of throwing them aside while they are still in a serviceable condition. The causes which gave such a tremendous impulse to almost every species of business during the war having ceased to operate, and the spirit of artificial prosperity which set everbody agog for the time being having subsided, the public demand for ordinary staples has sunk to its former level and for luxuries considerably below it, and hence the complaint of hard times from many classes of tradesmen and merchants, who made extraordinary sales and realized extraordinary profits during the four years of the rebellion. During a portion of that time loans paid the interest on loans; but now the whole interest of the National debt has to be met by taxation, and the masses feel the pressure, and the consequent necessity for retrenchment in their expenditures. The "dullness of trade," about which there is so much grumbling, proves that the people at large prefer privation to debt and bankruptcy, and is therefore a wholesome sign. If necessity induces them to conform their mode of living to their circumstances, and to come a little nearer to that standard of "republican simplicity" from which they had so widely departed, so much the better. If the "pressure of times" teaches us the blessed lesson of living within our incomes, and prevents us from "discounting the future," it is a pressure which no thoughtful citizen and true patriot will see any reason to regret.

TO MOTHERS AND TEACHERS.

The papers are full of "school advertisements," of every kind, for the coming winter. "*Which is the best?*" ask the bewildered parents as they look over the thousand-and-one Prospectus-es and read the formidable list of "branches" taught in each, between the hours of nine and three, for each day, Sundays excepted. They look at their little daughter. "It is time, they say, that she learned something;" and that is all true; but they do not consider that is not yet time for her to learn *everything*; and that in the attempt she will probably break down before the experiment is half made. They do not consider, in their anxiety, that she should be educated with the railroad speed so unhappily prevalent; that to keep a growing child in school from nine till three is simply torture, and to add to that lessons out of school, an offence, which should come under the head of "Cruelty to Animals," and punished accordingly by the city authorities, who in their zeal to decide upon the most humane manner in which to kill calves and sheep, seem quite to overlook the slow process by which the children of New York are daily murdered. That "everybody does so"—that "all schools" keep these absurd hours; that "teachers want the afternoons to themselves,"—seem to me puerile reasons, when I meet each day, at three o'clock, the great army of children, bearing, in their bent shoulders, narrow chests and pale faces, the unmistakable marks of this overstrain of the brain, at a critical age. And when I see, in addition, the piles of books under their arms, effectually to prevent the only alleviation of so grave a mistake, in the out-door exercise that their cramped limbs and tired brains so loudly call for, I have no words to express my sorrow and disgust of our present school system.

It is not teachers, but *parents*, who are to right this matter. The former but echo the wishes of the latter. If parents think physical education a matter of no consequence, why should teachers love those children better than the parents themselves? If parents are so anxious for this cramming process, which is filling our church-yards so fast, why should teachers, who "must live," interfere? Now and then, one more humane, less self-seeking, than the majority, will venture to suggest that the pupil has already quite as much mental-strain as is safe for its tender years; but when the reply is in the form of a request from the parent that "another branch will not make any difference," what encouragement has the teacher to continue to oppose such stupidity? Not long since, I heard of a mother who was boasting to a friend of the smartness and precocity of her little daughter, of seven years "who attended school from nine till three each day, and studied most of the intervening time, and was so fond of her books *that all night, in her sleep, she was saying over her geography lessons and doing her sums in arithmetic.*" Comment on such folly is unnecessary. I throw out these few hints *at the commencement of the school season*, hoping that one mother, at least, may pause long enough to give so important a subject a moment's thought. That she may ask, whether it would not be wise to visit the school-room where her child spends so much of its time, and examine the state of ventilation in the apartment, and see if the desk, at which the child sits so long, is so contrived that it might have been handed down from the days of the Inquisition, as a model instrument of torture. I will venture to say, that her husband takes far better care, and expends more painstaking thought, with his favorite horse, if he has one, than she ever has on the physical well-being of her child. What *right*, I ask, has she to bring children into the world, who is too indolent, or too thoughtless, or too pleasure-loving to guide their steps safely, happily, and above [illegible]

A DISTURBED WORLD.

Nearly the whole of the civilized world is disquieted just now, and if the "signs of the times" are to be trusted, History will have a wild and woful tale to tell a few years hence. Fighting on a grand scale may soon commence in Europe. France and Prussia confront each other menacingly, and it is surmised that Louis Napoleon only awaits the perfecting of his military organization and equipments and the consummation of certain political alliances which he is supposed to be negotiating, to accept the challenge which Count Bismarck, on behalf of Northern Germany, has all but flung in his teeth. Revolutionary Italy threatens the States of the Church. Austria is anxious for an opportunity to avenge the tremendous thrashing she received from Prussia, and is said to have made a secret compact with France with the hope of effecting that object, while the petty sovereigns of Southern Germany, who see that a struggle is likely enough to take place between France and Austria as allies, on the one hand, and Prussia with (possibly) Russia to assist her, on the other, parley and temporize, uncertain which side to take. Spain is about as tired of its profligate Bourbon sovereign as Naples was of King Bomba when Garibaldi raised the standard of revolt in Sicily, and the spirit of rebellion is barely held in check there by a soldiery whose loyalty is every day becoming more doubtful. All Europe, in fact, is more or less distracted by conflicting national interests and jealousies, while the popular element is everywhere asserting itself with a boldness, vigor and success perilous to dynastic rule. The fires of discord may smoulder for some time longer, or they may break out suddenly and soon, but that a bloody crisis is not far distant seems to be about as certain as anything in the future can be.

DESIRABLE ENMITY.

It is one of the maxims of a false philanthropy that we ought to make all men our friends. Now there is only one way in which it is possible to conciliate a bad man, who won't attempt to mend his ways, and that is by winking at his vices. Is that advisable? Reform him if practicable, but do not strike hands with him in fellowship until he *begins* to reform. The gospel teaches that the good man should love his enemy, however wicked he may be; but it does not say that he should *court* him, while in the gall of bitterness, for "evil communications corrupt good manners." When "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone." Until he shows a disposition to forsake them, he is not fit company for God-fearing Christians.

The man who has no enemies cannot be a good Christian; for the life of a consistent Christian is a perpetual reproach to all scoundrels, and all scoundrels are therefore his enemies. The ill-will of villains is one of his certificates of character, and he ought to be proud of it. The energetic and determined moral reformer necessarily makes enemies at every step, and the more he makes the better him and for the world at large. They are foils that set off his excellencies—their animosity proves his earnestness and efficiency.

"THE SAYINGS OF DR. BUSHWHACKER AND OTHER LEARNED MEN."—This is the title of a very interesting volume, from the press of Simpson & Co., by our scholarly friend and contributor, FRED. S. COZZENS, Esq., the author of "Sparrowgrass Papers." The World pays the author a very handsome compliment when it says, "As Dr. Bushwhacker himself, he is as delightful as ever." We recommend everybody to pause sayings into his pocket."

THE COURTIER.

BY H. G. SHEPHERD.

In gleam and glare of rank he move,
He was a courtier of his time;
Few consider men the world has known
Than "sweet Sir Edmund" in his prime!
The ladies vowed 'twas all the rage
No other knight had such a grace,
No other knight had such velvet eyes,
The smile and lit his handsome face.

He ready set no test could fail,
His skill in music he;
His words were soft and smooth as oil,
And from his sweet lips flowed free.
With willing ear the king would hear
Whatever Edmund had to say,
So much of grace and courtesy marked
His manner whether grave or gay.

In intense hours the muse he wooed,
And when at length a lofty air,
But most in solemn rhythm and
In lofty measure he would
Let his song sweet music sing
With liquid cadence that his rhymes
Among the poets of his time.

But to the courtier's lot one day
Unhinged by those around, came Death;
It was a welcome guest for Edmund say,
For view and feeble over he breath;
He could not move with flattering speech,
To him his suit, the great king's eye,
Was coming cold and he was left to die.
Then men and princes heard his knell.

ABNER GAULT:

OR,

THE HAND OF FATE.

By MARY KYLE DALLAS.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CRISIS.—ABNER'S PROGRESS.

Old Pettibone Parker had his way. The funeral was as ostentatious as mere decency would allow. Only Abner and himself followed the poor murdered woman to the grave, and they went in a little shabby gig, borrowed of a person with whom Parkman seemed to be acquainted. But even if the departed spirit knew anything of all this, it was likely it was troubled by the fact; and certainly it matters little after all to any but surviving mourners how or where the poor garment which has been shuffled off is laid away. But Parker "only," as she said, "a neighbor, Mrs. Bunn was horribly angry. She was a woman who felt a mighty interest in such things, and she declared over and over again that if she had been used so she should have watched."

"Ah did lady that was, you may say, rich, John," she said, "not even a carriage provided for those who had to be so surprised her to much. It is perfectly contemptible, and if he's not the devil in his own hoard, ones, when what will he do for the living! What is to become of little Abner?"

"That's what I'm a-thinking of," said Mr. Bunn, who was in the line of his conversation taking his dinner in the most calculating way. "I guess he'll be fell well get the money, Mrs. Gault left, as well—that's certain in the will. You've rummaged the house over, my dear, and you know the managing of her affairs says he's sure he'll have had the writing of it by it in his own at all. Old Parker knows as well as we do that the child would have had all of the money unless had died very, but he has no more conscience than the knife I'm eating with, not a bit more, and you may make up. But he may make his will in Abner's favor. Where can't stand so much about the money after they are dead, and then being so old, it's not be all right for the boy, after all."

And what, at that moment, was Abner thinking about the property was actually his, and coming into possession of it with all legal forms, to the benefit Abner's friends trained for comfort.

He stood companion with the old man," said Mrs. Bunn, as the four sat waiting for Mr. Parker's appearance as Mrs. Bunn's front parlor, "and I'm sure he was not to be blame. He is very sad, you know, and delay given to the funeral, and I have a plan for the boy meanwhile."

But then Pettibone Parker's cane was heard on the stairs, and Mrs. Bunn opened the door to let him in.

Abner was at the school. He had been taken there after the funeral, and seemed very willing to be on the lounge in Mrs. Cruik's room and keep quiet and still. He cried very much and then in an hysterical, passionate way, but generally was quiet and silent, keeping his face hid in the pillow and refusing to take notice of anything or to talk much. In short, all the old doctor had said. He was young and time would soon wear it smaller; so of course he was not present to hear the discussion of his future prospects, and he little thought it was that he should be.

"Good evening, Mr. Parker," said Mr. Cruik, pleasantly. "Cool to-night."

"Very," said Parker, taking a chair near the grate and warming his hands as if cold from the fall. There's a dreadful waste of coal this winter comes to early. I always think."

"I'm glad to hear it, sir," said Mrs. Cruik, "I'm sure you're a-thinking about everything from hand to end—"

"Comfy, comfy," said Mr. Crub. "I beg, ma'am, that I may speak for a few moments, Mr. Parker, on matters one of a very grievous nature, so—so—"

"They do, I consider," said old Parker.

"I know it," said Mr. Cruik, while Mrs. Bunn at shrugged her shoulders and shook her head at Mrs. Cruik; and Mr. Bunn, which features at was the appearance of wearing owned out of sorts long, well-seasoned countenance, without an expression of any kind upon his face.

"And of course, my dear sir, you will remember that Abner is a child of little friend, doubly our affection for our own, and we have no little orphaned, as you say, and I had a plan to propose—would you like to hear it?"

"Why, I don't care anything," said old Parker.

"Should you be disposed to continue him at school," said Mrs. Cruik, "I will gradual without my terms in his favor. Indeed, if you felt inclined to make an arrangement—if you will continue to clothe him, I will make no charge whatever for board or tuition. I am very fond of Abner, and can afford to be kind to him."

"Cloths him?" said old Parker. "Why he has clothes. I know how it is with those high-flying folks. They must be spick and span day and night. You'd want broadcloth and linen—and silk neck-ties and fine boots, and I don't know what. No, no. Besides, I don't mean to bring what in that way. He knows enough, I reckon. That I'm going law down his in law take him home law life with me."

Mrs. Bunn shook her head again solemnly and closed her eyes in a dreadful way.

"Ah, to live with you as your son and heir. Very kind—very generous, sir," said Mr. Cruik. "I shall miss the child; so will Mrs. C.; but of course we must make up our minds to that—"

But here Mr. Parker struck his case on the floor and shouted furiously:

"My son and heir! My son and heir! I reckon you're out of your senses. What have I any one likes to keep him I'll wash my hands of him entirely. It's very kind of me to give him his keep under my own roof; and as for giving why he may die ten years before me, or live to be twenty, if it comes to that. I'm not going to be a hundred or a hundred and fifty for property. I'll be very old sometimes, and so I'm not going to be very generous yet—I expect to, I may die in a year, for my own matter. The boy there is standing by my own master. The boy there is standing by my own master. The boy there is standing by my own master

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

black once as long as they were also," said Abner.

"Very good advice," said Pettibone; "and nothing keeps clean like black. What is makes mouth?"

Abner lifted the tray.

"You're sure there's all yours?" said Pettibone.

"Yes, sir," said Abner. "He used to tie me down as well as I could. She fought me a great many clothes. When I grew out of them she gave them to other children."

"Very unkind—very," muttered Pettibone. "Those are as good as new. But watch close."

Paper and envelopes, and things to draw with, and sweets for my sisters," said Abner. "I'm to write to dear Mr. Cox very often."

"Ah yes!" asked old Parker, with a twist of his mouth; "and tell me all you can find out about me, I reckon."

"Oh, no; about myself, sir," said Abner. "Perhaps about Mr. Pettibone also."

"I thought you were good boy," said Parker. "I don't be said. "I swear I did. And here's a clubfoot brute, and a color of evening sky, and a man with a face like cork and raging fang."

"Every good action is noticed," said Abner, "and I'm sure you are also to bring away."

"Almost, my lad," said Pettibone, "almost home—and—good conclusion! a bottle of cologne to my nose here would! And you're a good lad, sir, sir—and so's Jim."

"Law!" said Pettibone, "I never—"

It seemed to overwhelm him even to think of such extraordinary news, and he bent beside the trunk—his picture of astonishment—and glared into the tray with wide-open mouth and eyes.

"And you've got 'i heat a full dozen shirts," he thunder at last, "and an amazing heap of flannel, and shoes enough for a regiment, and seven new suits! Well, well, how her money must have wasted! And you've got a coat and wear anythin' but black for a long while yet, Tremaine's hospitable ter her family! Bless you! how!"

And with these words Pettibone Parker pocketed the key, and shut the trunk down with a bang.

"It's goodly dark," he said. "Shouldn't wonder if distant relatives wouldn't be glad to have a nurse with us complaisance—and that's a word! Now, some shillin's after Tom Fool's got a morning or two to spare. Jim's gone, don't dare not 'ave stranger. This milk myself; I'll see about the rest in the morning."

So Abner took the cream-brown pitcher, and went as he ordered.

The town hall had been pointed out to him was a comfortable place, and a girl and man had not brought it in. Pettibone Parker was sitting by the milk.

Abner followed his errand; and the girl, with a shrug, filled his pitcher nearly half-full.

"How do you come to be with old Parker?" she said, curiously. "You ain a relation to—"

"No," said Abner, who was beginning to dislike the name. "It's somehow because he has all my poor ma left, I guess, that he took me."

"Your ma!" he dread, eh?" asked the girl. "Oh, dear! I great for my ma! Was your ma the old lady that was mimosured? and to them that made short work of the matter?"

"Yes," said Abner.

"Lord help ye then! If you've got any spare stuff, said the girl, "and you mean to get rid of him, from your books. Here, I'll put another pitcher of milk in the basket for you; and I'll throw wife's eggs against hurt per me."

Abner would gladly have said—

"Shut up. Jess see done," said the young woman. "Thank you kindly, sir. Now, then, you two women's looks, knowed it said so to the pauper. Here's a big sugar for you, boy, to make you grow up as tall as ye can and keep up your character."

Abner wiped his eyes and lifted his pitcher of milk with a "Thank you," and carried it home.

Old Pettibone peered into the white depths curiously as he took from the basket.

"They're mighty generous in their old age," he said. "If they'll 'ave ye'll 'ave ye. It is a sour, there'll be enough for breakfast, and I'll give you a little something for tea."

So poor Abner had his mug full and was nourished, and then, as it was nearly dark, old Pettibone proposed that he should go to bed.

"Jim's gone," he said, "and he and wife they sit up by vast lights, and lights come on, peoples," and he mixed. "You fider in the, I'll show ye how low fix yer bed. I shall not be company for a condition'd boy—nor never was. Dunno as I ever had none, only a cousin's child that stayed in and would sulp over me, so he didn't give him no breakfast though, so he'd never come back, he! he! he! Now, then, step away, I reckon, by never giving, and not stayed a bit. And company's a bad thing sometimes."

Abner was to be shuffled into a little end room, musty and close as a prison to one accustomed to the air he had been, and dragged into its narrow bed and bolsters, or rather the bundle of feathers that was being supplied by bits of old mattress. He looked in a bag of straw with contempt covered it, and an indirect sale pillow that was to have kind still in extension to the old-fashioned bolsters.

"There's a good fit for a king," he said. "And here's as good a red table-cover as you ever see, only to stained a little, and half a fustian-bag blanket. I dunno but fix extravagant, but I like to see a job well done, and I'm pleased to fix ye. I hav't agreed to expense. The extra bag, and the bolsters when Mrs Spider have moved away, and the hen-blanket Spider Brown gave me, as I'm sure I'm pleased to do for my grandfather's, a rale good bit o' cloth. Nonsense sent a bed of feathers; I like one see them and about me. Now good night. Well you comfortable, I'll see, and I'll not have you cold."

He left the room as he spoke, and closed the street door, and all his dirty bed was fresh, white pillows, soft blankets, and the heat benefited. Abner, with a sigh of relief, and the neat Marseilles counterpane in the distance, thought of his young playmates and of the thing on the floor him. He thought at first of lying on the bed, but it looked so very clean and hideous that Abner was unwilling to disturb it, and he lay down on the floor.

So, having undressed and laid down, slept and slept over the bed. The bed was hard. The pillowy pillow scratched and the blankets were cold and finally Abner left the atmosphere and rolled away upon the floor. The bare boards were hard, and there was an odor of the stables, where it had long to stand, and the bolsters were hard and lumpy, and, despite of all discomforts, soon Roger his woes, and knew no more until morning.

CHAPTER XIV.

ABNER MAKES A DISCOVERY.

Abner slept late the next morning, and awoke in that strange bewilderment which oft experiences after a heavy slumber in an unaccustomed bed. For a good while he could not remember where he was, nor why he was there; but, at last, memory returned, and he began to recall the events of the past day. It seemed to the poor child as though there was nothing to get up for—no reason why he should make an effort to begin another day. Long after he was wide awake, he lay quite still—tears coursing down his cheeks; and when at last he did arise, he looked in perplexity about the room, finding neither basin, pitcher, nor towels at his command.

"I must ask Mr. Parker for them, I suppose," he said to himself.

He went into the outer room, half-dressed, for that purpose. At the door, he paused a moment. A man with Jewish features and an immense bag on his shoulders was just coming in here; and as Pettibone opened the door for him, Abner heard him say—

"Ah, Mr. Parker, it's long time we've had any business together, and I've come because like you—very well, indeed, I'm sorry to say. But I'm not going to be one penny."

"Very well, you've emailed me out of my ages," said old Pettibone, "and you can go again. I don't want to talk anymore; I've been dreadfully cheated I know I" And he looked remarkably over his shoulder at Abner—"Go away, now. I'm in a hurry."

So the Jew departed, and old Parker locked the door, and sat down by the feeble fire over which the tea-kettle was simmering, rubbing his hands and chuckling.

Then Abner advanced.

"If you please, Mr. Parker, where can I find water and a basin?" he asked.

"In the closet," said Pettibone.

Abner looked in.

"There's only the dish basin—the one you washed the eggs in—and that's dirty."

"How many basins d'ye suppose I've got?" snapped Pettibone. "You're a pretty family, you are, a pretty fellow! Ay you don't like that, there's running conduit."

Abner preferred the pump; and, intimating as much, went in the kitchen for his towels and so forth. He filled the jug, and looked in. It was quite empty; and the pump was frozen. For a long moment he was startled. Then he thought old Parker must have forgotten it, and, as good as Gandi would have done, in drawers and presses, he began to search for it. He found—

"Sally, there you're—I called

If I dared, or my mother would permit me to do such a thing, I would lay aside this 'mockery of woe,' for when the heart is not in sympathy with black robes, I see no propriety in wearing them."

"That would be going too far, Opal. Wear the outward symbols of respect for the man to whom you gave your hand, and afford the carping outside world no cause for gossip. I have told you this sad story to remove from your heart the self-accusing spirit that rendered you unhappy, for I could not bear to see your bright face clouded by the struggle that was going on within you."

"Thank you. I only wish that I had known this before; it would have saved me many wretched hours. I only consented to accept Godfrey because he led me to believe that he was sincerely attached to me, and I have thought myself base and ungrateful when I could not grieve over his loss as a bereaved bride should. I am glad that the struggle has ended, even by knowing that he was not worthy to be deeply lamented by me. I do not think that Mrs. Markland has treated me quite well either; but I will not betray to her the knowledge I have gained. In me she shall always find an attentive and affectionate daughter-in-law. I feel the deepest sympathy for her, for she must now bitterly accuse herself as the cause of the wrong Godfrey committed against the unhappy girl who acted as an angel of forgiveness toward her."

"That is right, dear. Aunt Gertrude is too deeply stricken to awake any other feeling than compassion in your tender heart. She will never cease to mourn Godfrey's death, though I can see that she is beginning to turn to her younger children for comfort. She is far less stern and exacting with Dora and Jenny than she has hitherto been. In other days I have felt hardly toward her myself on account of her unjust treatment of my brother, but she has made noble reparation, and I have now no feeling for her but affection and respect."

From that day Opal became her former sweet and gentle self. She devoted as much of her time as possible to her failing father, and sought to brighten his sad life by her cheerful companionship.

The days passed on in monotonous quiet, and still no tidings came from Nina. Mr. Hastings began to look for them with restless impatience. She had promised to write when she had anything to say that was of interest to him, yet she had failed to do so.

Spring had opened, and all nature was bright with rejuvenated life. The trees waved their boughs, clothed with tender green, in the warm, sunlit air, and flowers bloomed in beauty, while the birds carolled their sweetest songs through the woodland; but the awakening of so much life and beauty only more deeply depressed the doomed man who had ceased to find joy in anything.

A weight of apprehension he could not shake off, kept the spirits of Mr. Hastings at their lowest ebb, and he watched for the arrival of his letters from town with a feverish eagerness that was pitiful to behold.

One bright afternoon in May, Denham came back from Natchez with a letter for Mr. Hastings, which bore the Norfolk postmark. He was alone in his library when his visitor entered, and the first glance he gave at the superscription of the letter blanched his face to the hue of death.

He faintly gasped:

"It is from Anna Moore! It is nineteen years since I have looked upon her writing, and what can she have to say to me now? Oh, heaven! what new anguish is in store for me!"

Denham would have left him to read the letter alone, but he detained him by saying:

"Don't leave me, Guy. Lock the door to prevent any one from intruding on us, and stay by [illegible] for I feel very faint and ill."

Denham turned the key in the lock, and offering him a glass of water, soothingly said:

"Pray compose yourself, dear sir; the letter may contain little to agitate you after all."

Mr. Hastings shook his head drearily, and continued to hold the envelope in his hand as if dreading to open it. At length with an effort he tore it apart and drew forth a sheet of closely-written paper. With dilating eyes he read the following lines:

"William Hastings, you blighted my young life, and now you have filled the measure of your wrongs by betraying my painful secret to the being I am so unfortunate as to claim as my child. Nina is here!—in this town—and she has found means to inform me of the cruel want of faith of which you have been guilty.

"She is worthy to claim as her father the man who practiced so shameful a deception on the woman who loved and trusted him, as I once did you, for she threatens me with exposure if I do not give her a larger sum of money than it is possible for me to raise without the knowledge of my husband.

"Through all these years I have never had the courage to reveal to him my wretched past, and if he now becomes aware of it I am firmly convinced that he will put me from him—that he will take from me my young children, thus leaving me desolate indeed.

"You may think, because I gave Nina up so readily, that the maternal instinct cannot be very strong in my heart, but it is not so. I recoiled from *her*, because she was the daughter of the man who had so bitterly wronged me, but for these little helpless ones I have all a mother's clinging love, and to be severed from them will be a fatal blow to me.

"I demand of you that you shall send me without delay the money to bribe this wretched creature to silence. I ask it as my right, since you have exposed me to this misery and humiliation.

"Nina has forced her way into my presence, once when she knew my husband to be absent; she reproached me with deserting her in her infancy, and the things she uttered were too dreadful to be borne, though in one respect I find that you have done me justice. You confessed to her that while I lived with you as your wife, I believed you to be bound to me by every legal tie. That much I thank you for, but you will scarcely believe me when I tell you that she threatens to bring forward that shameful record and attempt to prove that you were my lawful husband, thus fixing upon both of us the charge of bigamy.

"She declared to me that she would do anything to remove from herself the stain of illegitimacy, and fix it on the daughter of your present wife. Oh! William, why have you laid this new sorrow upon me? Have I not borne enough at your hands, without being thus persecuted by this wretched girl, who seems as destitute of feeling as she is of principle.

"Nina has but one thought—her own interest, and her greed of money is insatiable. She admits that you have given her ten thousand dollars, and she demands as much more of me as the price of her silence. Appeals to her mercy were vain; she only answered them by saying:

"'You would not give me a mother's love, but you shall provide for me as your daughter. Your husband is rich; give me what I ask, and I will leave you to such peace as so great a hypocrite may find in the home of as good a man as every one says your husband is.'

"Think what I felt while listening to such words from the lips of my own daughter! I could only rid myself of her by promising to do what I could for her, but I asked for time in which to raise the money she insists on having.

"She granted me a month's grace, but she finds means to show herself to me every day. I cannot look from my window on the street that I do not see her walking slowly to and fro, and our neighbors begin to notice and talk of her as an escaped lunatic.

"If you do not release me from this persecution, I shall do something desperate. Anna."

With a deep groan Mr. Hastings dropped the letter and sunk back upon his seat; he faintly gasped:

"Read it, Guy. Do what you can to save the writer—I—I am going—going——"

In extreme alarm Denham loosened his necktie and sprinkled water over his face, but after a few gasping sobs the broken-hearted man sunk into immobility and his features rapidly settled into that calm rigidity which tells its own story to him who has once looked on death.

In that hour of supremest anguish the penalty of wrong-doing was paid, and the spirit had gone to meet its award at a higher tribunal than that of earth.

When convinced that life was indeed extinct, Denham put the letter in his pocket to prevent it from falling into the possession of Mrs. Hastings or her daughter. He then unlocked the door and ordered a servant to go for Dr. Wiseman and bring him to the assistance of his master as speedily as possible.

Denham placed the worn form upon the couch and, aided by Chloe, who hastened to the library on hearing of Mr. Hastings' seizure, every effort was made to restore animation, though he had from the first no hope of success.

Mrs. Hastings and her daughter had driven over to Magnolia that afternoon to spend a few hours with Mrs. Markland, and on their return they were met by a messenger bearing the tidings of the sudden illness of the husband and father they had left in his usual health.

By the time they reached home the physician was already there, and in a brief space of time the sad conviction came to them that all was over.

We pass over the sad days that followed. At first Mrs. Hastings was inconsolable, for she had loved her husband as truly and tenderly as such a woman is capable of loving; and Opal tried to arouse herself from her own grief to comfort her mother under the sad loss they had sustained.

Guy Denham read the letter, as the dying words of Mr. Hastings had commanded him, and he soon decided on the course he must pursue.

When the funeral was over, and Mrs. Hastings had in some measure regained control of her grief, Denham sought an interview with her to unfold to her what must now be told if he would save the suffering woman who had written that last appeal to the author of her misery.

In the course of his confidences on this subject Mr. Hastings had said to him that after his decease, if any necessity arose for this course, Guy must inform his wife of the relationship of Nina to himself. He could see no other alternative now, and with many misgivings Denham proceeded to lay before Mrs. Hastings as much of her husband's early history as it was necessary for her to know in the present position of affairs.

She wept bitterly as she listened, and seemed to have but one remorseful thought which swallowed up all resentment for the long deception he had practised on herself.

"To think," she sobbed, "that I was jealous of her! that I made him miserable while she was in this house, and she was his own daughter! Oh! William! William! if I only had you back again! If I could only show you how sorry I am for the hard words I have said and done, I should be happy—happy! Why did he not tell me, Guy? What induced him to withhold his revelation till after he was gone?"

"He thought it best to do so," replied Denham, evasively; "and I have spoken of these things to you, Mrs. Hastings, because something must be done for the unhappy mother of Nina, to prevent her from being ruined by her own child. She is respectably married, and Nina demands money of her to prevent exposure both of her and of your deceased husband. You are rich and liberal—you would pay handsomely sooner than have this disgraceful story become known, or the near connexion of such a girl as Miss Gordon with your own daughter suspected."

She uttered an exclamation of horror.

"I would not have it known for half my fortune! Make terms with her, Guy; I will give you authority to draw on my merchant for as much money as you may need, though I have already settled ten thousand dollars on this girl. As much more will probably buy her off altogether, though she is to understand that she is never to intrude her claims on me again."

"I can easily settle that," replied Denham. "Half the sum you have named will enable me to rid you effectually of Miss Gordon. If you will give me an order for five thousand dollars, I will pledge you my word that she shall never annoy you again."

Mrs. Hastings wrote the order, Denham put it in his pocket, and when he was alone again he sat down and wrote the following letter to Nina:

Ashwood, May 12, 18—.

Three days since, Mr. Hastings was laid in his grave, brought to his death by a letter from your mother which is now in my possession. From that I learn that you have persecuted the unhappy lady who wrote it, in the hope that you will be able to extort money from her. I have but few words to say to such a woman as you are, Miss Gordon, and they shall be to the point. I have in my possession such evidence as brings conviction to my own mind that *you* destroyed Godfrey Fenton, using my pistol which you took from a window in the library at Silvermere, intending to fix the stigma of the murder on *me*.

I will state to you the grounds of my belief in your criminality, and you can judge for yourself what chance of escape will remain to you if I become your accuser.

You purchased in Natchez a suit of boy's clothing made of gray cloth, and a dark fur cap. The boat on which you embarked for New Orleans lay several hours at the cotton landing only a mile from Silvermere on the night on which the murder was perpetrated. The road between the two places was well known to you, as I am aware that you rode over it more than once while you were a member of Mr. Hastings' family.

You walked from the landing wearing the disguise you had purchased, over which a dark travelling shawl was wrapped. You entered the grounds around Silvermere, and concealed yourself in the shrubbery, watching a favorable opportunity to commit the fatal deed you meditated. One soon offered, for Fenton unfortunately came out and walked down the carriage drive. You shot him to death, and dropped the weapon you had used that it might be found and identified as mine.

These are *facts* that I can establish, for I have secretly ascertained the house at which the disguise you used was purchased, and the clerk who waited on you can identify you.

I have borne the humiliation of being accused of your crime. I still bear the suspicion that will always follow me till the truth can be proclaimed, and I have spared you because I would not have the position you hold toward Mr. Hastings and his daughter become known to the world.

Your father confided to me the whole of that sad story, and thus prevented me from taking such steps for your arrest as I had contemplated. I offer you two alternatives. Leave this country at once, and never return to it, keeping in your own possession the secret of your parentage. Release your unhappy mother from your persecutions, and accept the sum of five thousand dollars, which, with the ten thousand already settled on you, shall be placed to your credit in the house of Baring & Brothers in London.

That is the utmost limit of what shall be done for you; and if you do not at once accept these terms, I will have you arrested on the charge of wilful murder, and, regardless of consequences to you or others, I will pursue you to the utmost extremity of the law.

On the reception of this, telegraph to me immediately in these words—"Your terms are accepted," or take the consequences, for I am terribly in earnest. I give you ten days grace, and if I do not hear from you at the end of that time, it will be too late to save yourself.

Guy Denham.

He took the letter himself to Natchez, and posted it. As he had anticipated, on the evening of the tenth day the telegram came, and two weeks later Denham found the name of Nina Gordon among the list of passengers who had embarked on a European steamer.

CHAPTER LVII.

The shock of her father's sudden death seriously affected both the health and spirits of Opal, and Mrs. Hastings aroused herself from the indulgence of her own grief to devise some means of bringing back cheerfulness to her drooping child.

The listless dejection into which the young girl had fallen threatened the most serious results, and Dr. Wiseman advised change of scene as the only remedy.

Mrs. Hastings remembered how much pleasure Opal's anticipated tour to Europe had afforded her, and she determined to take her to Paris, remain there two years, and allow her daughter the benefit of masters to complete her imperfect education. They would then travel another year, and by that time she trusted that the memories of the few last months would cease to leave their sad impress on the mind of her daughter.

Mrs. Hastings had an uncle living in Paris—the youngest brother of her mother—with whom she had kept up a straggling correspondence for many years past. M. Latour was a wealthy banker, and to him she now wrote to engage apartments for her and make such arrangements for her reception as would prevent her from feeling as a stranger in a strange land.

Opal assented to this proposal with some gleam of her former brightness, though she soon sunk again into the dreamy apathy from which she found it almost impossible to arouse herself.

When Mrs. Markland heard of the proposed tour, she declared that she would accompany them, taking Dora and Jenny with her. They could be placed at boarding school, and receive such educational advantages as could not be commanded near their home; so it was settled that the two families were to embark in the latter part of June, and Guy Denham was to act as agent for the estates they left behind them.

At the end of two years, he and Mrs. Langley were to join his aunt in Paris, and travel with the whole party through the most interesting portions of Europe.

With many regrets Denham saw his fair idol depart; but he knew that it was best for them both that the sea should roll between them. He could not be near Opal and not betray the engrossing passion of his soul; yet he felt that, situated as he was, it would be unjust to her to seek her in any way while the cloud that hung over himself precluded all thought of a union between them.

Adoringly as Denham loved her, he dared not give strength to the doubts of his innocence which were still expressed by others, by becoming the husband of Godfrey Fenton's widowed bride. He believed that Opal loved him; that one cause of her dejection was the certainty in her own mind that, until the assassin was revealed, a union between them was impossible; so he armed his soul with endurance, and made such business arrangements as were necessary both for his aunt and Mrs. Hastings.

Mrs. Langley and himself accompanied them to New Orleans, and saw the party embark on a French steamer under the protection of a merchant of that city who was going to Europe as the agent of the firm of which he was a member.

Opal promised Mrs. Langley to write to her regularly, and so they parted.

The voyage to Havre was prosperous, and the transit from there to Paris was rapidly and safely made. M. Latour had been warned of the addition to the party, and they found delightful apartments engaged for them, with such domestic service as they would require.

M. Latour, a handsome, gray-haired man of sixty, met his niece at the railroad dépot and conducted her to her new residence. He was a bachelor, and lived *garçon*, as he explained to her, or he would have received them in his own establishment.

The sea voyage had already benefitted Opal, and she looked on the novel scenes around her with something of her former vivacity. A few weeks were given to the objects of interest to be found in the city and its vicinity, and then the two younger girls were settled in their *pension*. Opal commenced under competent masters the course of studies [illegible] to pursue, and the three ladies [illegible] a quiet, but very pleasant life, visited constantly by M. Latour, and occasionally a few of his friends whom he thought worthy to be received by them.

Opal wrote frequently to Mrs. Langley, giving her vivid pictures of what she saw, and, from her letters, her distant friends gained the impression that her mind had recovered its elasticity, and hope again threw its halo over her young and sanguine heart.

In these epistles there was always a message for Denham, and these evidences of unabated interest in himself afforded new food to the passion that had grown with his growth and strengthened with every hour of his life, hopeless as a future union between them seemed to be.

The two years of separation passed over with leaden feet to him, but at length the glad hour came in which he could embark for the land that held the being most dear to him on earth. He could think of nothing—dream of nothing but the happiness of beholding Opal once more, and he put far behind him the dreadful thought that, loving her as he must ever do, he dared not attempt to make her his own.

Fortune had dealt kindly with Denham in the two past years. By some lucky speculations he had nearly trebled the fortune bequeathed to him by his cousin, and, in addition to this, the large salary allowed him by his aunt and Mrs. Hastings had been left to accumulate. Denham felt that he was rich enough for every rational purpose. He was glad to be independent in fortune, as every one should, but he felt as if all the gold of Midas could never bring joy to him unless he could find means to erase from his name the blot that rested on it, and claim Opal Hastings as the partner of his life.

Reckless of future suffering to himself, he was about to throw himself within the sphere of her enchantments again; but to see her—to listen to the music of her voice—to bask in the soft light of her eyes—would such supreme happiness to him that he was willing to risk all his future peace to attain it.

During those two years nothing had been heard from Nina Gordon, save that the money deposited to her credit in London had been drawn. Where she was, whither she had gone, was a profound mystery, though Denham vaguely hoped that retributive justice would yet overtake her, and the truth be proclaimed to the world, without betraying the connexion between the criminal and the Hastings family.

At long intervals Mrs. Langley received letters from Inez. She had taken up her abode in Rome, assuming the dress and performing the duties of a Sister of Charity, though by a special dispensation she was permitted to do so without taking the vows of a nun. She devoted her large means to works of benevolence, and she wrote that she had found the peace which passeth all understanding, and no longer wept over the wreck of her early dream of love.

To see Inez again was one of the strongest inducements to Mrs. Langley to undertake a voyage across the Atlantic, for she had a great dread of the sea. Inez declared that she never intended to return to the land which she had suffered so much, and her friend was willing to risk the dangers of shipwreck so vividly portrayed to her fancy, to behold again the girl who had so deeply interested her.

Mrs. Langley's fears seemed to bring their own fulfilment, for their voyage was unusually tempestuous; and after many days of tossing to and fro upon the turbulent waves the cry of land was hailed with delight by all on board the ship. It was the coast of France that was dimly visible, and a few hours later Denham and his sister were glad to find themselves safe on terra firma again.

After a few hours rest, they set out for Paris, and on the evening of a brilliant day in June they arrived at the lodgings of their friends. Apartments had been secured for them in the same house, and it had been settled that after the brother and sister had seen the lions of the city, the whole party, including Mrs. Markland and her daughters, should set out on their projected tour.

The travellers were ushered into a reception room, the walls of which were nearly lined with mirrors, and the next instant a young creature, bright with health and happiness, came flying in to welcome them.

"Oh, Guy—dear Guy—dearest Mrs. Langley, I did not dare hope to see you so soon among us. Your letter only came yesterday telling us that you had actually embarked, and hoped to be here this week. But mamma has secured apartments for you, and you will live with us."

She threw herself on Mrs. Langley's bosom, while she held out one of her hands to Denham. He carried it impulsively to his lips, and Mrs. Langley kissed her again and again. She then held her off from her, gazing with fond admiration on the lovely face, with the old fluctuating gleam of color lighting up the pure pearliness of her complexion.

In the two past years Opal had developed into perfect womanhood, and the rounded contour of her exquisite form, the refined elevation of soul expressed in her eloquent face gave the crowning charm to her rare loveliness.

Mrs. Langley delightedly exclaimed:

"How wonderfully you have improved, my dear! you really seem transfigured. I thought you charming before, but you are irresistible now."

Opal laughed, blushed, and glanced half-shyly at Denham, who still held her hand clasped in his own while he gazed on her in a trance of rapture.

She brought him to his sober senses again, by softly withdrawing her hand and archly saying:

"I am afraid Guy does not agree with you; he seems struck dumb by disappointment. But I have done my best, sir critic, and if I am not a genuine Parisienne, it is not my fault, nor yet that of my mother."

Denham recovered himself, and hastened to say:

"I am only so much dazzled and enchanted by the vision of loveliness that has burst upon me that I have no words in which I can adequately express my feelings. You have improved indeed, Opal; but I do not believe that anything could make you so artificial as a genuine Parisienne is bound to be. You are the same creature of nature and impulse that I have known and admired from my boyhood."

"*Admired!* Oh, Guy, if that is all, you had better go back to your own home and leave me to forget the past!"

Was the thought that came to the heart of the fair listener; but she only smiled, and said:

"Tardy praise is better than none. I warn you that my love of approbation is excessive; and, from those I highly regard, I expect—appreciation."

"You must always have that, and more, from me—and from my sister," he added, as he became conscious how much his words implied.

At this crisis Mrs. Hastings came in, followed by Mrs. Markland and her daughters; and such a welcome as the travellers received was worth even the stormy voyage across the ocean from which they had just escaped.

The happy party gathered around the supper table that night, and Denham rejoiced to see that his aunt had recovered her former tranquility of manner, and he felt sure that Mrs. Hastings had ceased to mourn the loss of her unhappy husband. Dora had grown into a dark-eyed houri of seventeen, and he was glad to see that the pride of Mrs. Markland was as great in her loveliness as it had once been in the fair promise of her idolized son.

The programme of the proposed tour was determined on, and the hours sped by on wings of light. At a late hour they separated to meet again the next morning over an early breakfast. After it was over Opal and Dora set out with the new-comers to commence a survey of the wonders of Paris. The month allotted to the city and its vicinity passed by so rapidly that two at least of the party were almost unconscious of the flight of time.

In visiting works of art, and spots famous in history, Opal found new delight in the society of one so capable of lending a new interest to them as she found Guy to be. He was a good scholar, an extensive reader, and possessed that appreciation for all that is grand or beautiful, which most deeply charms the heart of an impulsive and enthusiastic girl.

Opal listened to him as to an oracle, and thought his criticisms worthy to be printed in letters of gold. To her he was wisest, best, and she did not scruple to shew him in what high esteem she held him. Opal felt sure that Denham loved her, and she knew that to no other would she ever again give the hand to which he was too delicate to put forth any claim till he could do so in the sight of men without one voice to condemn him as the perpetrator of the deed which had restored her freedom to her.

So long as Opal felt the sweet assurance of his affection, she was contented that it should be so. If fate forbade a closer union, they could be fast and devoted friends, and Opal believed that she could be happy in being ever near him—in daily seeing him, even if she could never become his wife.

For a season Denham, too, was happy in the mere delight of her presence; but the passion that daily gained strength soon rendered him restless and wretched. He wanted her for his very own, to be all in all to him, yet he saw no means of bridging the gulf the accusation against himself as the assassin of her bridegroom had opened between them.

At times he felt tempted to abjure his country forever; live far away from those who had so persistently asserted his guilt, and accepting the happiness he had only to put forth his hand to grasp, give up his native land for its dear sake.

But the bitter thought came that even in his self-imposed exile the insinuations so derogatory to himself might be whispered. The voice of scandal might even implicate her fair name in the charges against himself, and Denham shrank from the temptation as a sin against the woman he so adoringly loved.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

The Willing Mind.

The prerogative of the will is such that, where it commands the hand to give alms, the leg to kneel or go to church, or the tongue to utter a prayer, all these things will infallibly be done. But suppose a man be bound hand and foot by some outward violence, or be disabled by the palsy; can the will, by its command, make a man in such a condition utter a prayer, kneel, or go to church? It is manifest that it cannot. But, then, you are to know also that neither is vocal prayer, nor bodily kneeling, nor going to church, in such a case, any part of the obedience required of such a person. The mere act of his will is that man's whole obedience; and, for that very cause, and for no other, he stands accepted before God.

Power of Integrity.—Reproaches have no power to afflict the man of unblemished integrity, or the abandoned profligate, it is the middle compound character which is alone miserable; the man who, without firmness enough to avoid a dishonorable action, has feeling enough to be ashamed of it.

AUNT JANE'S STRATEGY.

BY RUTHELLA SCHULTZ.

"Does Dr. Boardman live here?"

"Guess not, ma'am. There's a gentleman o' that name livin' up stairs, but I guess he aint no doctor."

"I think it must be Dr. Boardman; will you please inquire?"

Recognizing the voice at the door, Frank ran down, exclaiming:

"How glad I am to see you, Aunt Jane! Come right up."

Aunt Jane, a corpulent old lady, rustled her silks up the stairs and into the room, talking all the while.

"Why, Doctor, what a time I've had to find you! Haven't put your sign up yet? Well, I never saw such a careless man! How are folks to find you?"

"Do be still, Aunt Jane," said Frank, in an undertone. "No one here knows that I'm a doctor."

Annie, his young wife, closed the door cautiously.

"O, Aunt Jane!" she exclaimed, "you talk just as if——"

"As if—what, I should like to know! Folks here don't know you're a doctor, eh? Time they did, then, and I mean to let them know it! Here I've been, the blessed day, going up and down the street, inquiring for you."

"Didn't you know our number? Thought I gave it to you——"

"Know it? of course I did. But I determined that everybody in the street should hear tell of you. So I began at the lower end, and inquired at every house, all the way up, whether Dr. Boardman lived there. I asked if they knew where he did live—I was sure he was somewhere in the neighborhood, and I wanted to find him. Didn't call anywhere on this block, for I thought your sign would answer the purpose. By the way, I'll send your Uncle Bob around, as soon as I go home, to put it up for you.

"Your rooms look very nice, children, considering that you haven't been housekeeping a week yet. After awhile, when you fairly get to living, there'll be a book out of place here and there, and a newspaper on the table, and a chair or so in the middle of the floor, to say nothing of your desk. Why don't you pull out one o' those drawers, and toss some old letters on the top of your desk, and have a penwiper, and half a dozen pens lying beside your inkstand? Three or four of those great big doctor's books would look well there, stood up on end, and leaning on each other. Do put some old scraps in your waste basket, and try to look a little like business! This isn't office hours, is it, Frank? What are you doing in the house, then? Take your hat this minute, and go in a hurry, as if you were sent for!"

Frank obeyed as quickly as possible, for Aunt Jane was not to be disregarded. When he returned, Annie met him, with a silent embrace, at the head of the stairs. As soon as the door was closed:

"O, Frank! you can't think what Aunt Jane did!" she exclaimed.

"What, Annie?"

"Well,—that's the way my stories always begin, you know,—well, when you were gone, Aunt Jane wanted to see your sign, and I showed it to her. She said—'Ridiculous! the idea of putting out a shingle that shines like a new dollar! Why, everybody'd know that he'd never had a patient!' Then she told me to get some coal ashes; and, Frank, she actually scoured your new sign till its beauty was all gone! All the 'Japan' came off in spots. I almost cried, but she said—'Now, Annie, none o' your nonsense!' and I didn't dare. Then she said—'You know very well, nobody wants to employ a young physician. To be sure, they won't stop to look at his shingle: it might be old, or it might be new; and they wouldn't know the difference. But people take impressions ten times where they think once. Some people never think; they live by impressions. We say of such a one, he's a thinking man: that's because we know that he depends on something more than impressions. You meet a shabby-looking fellow in the street: you don't know whether his boots or his coat or his necktie is out of order, but the minute you set your eyes on him you know that he's seedy. So people take impressions of you from your dress and your gait; and of the doctor from his manner and—his sign. As long as a man has to depend on his sign, as Frank does, an old one is more respectable than a new one. It looks like practice—it looks like experience. If it is a little bit battered, as if it had been taken off some other house, so much the better.' And, Frank, she actually bent your sign crooked, and then bent it back again, so that it would look 'a little the worse for wear,' as she said. Then Aunt Jane was in a great hurry to say good-bye. She wanted to send Uncle Bob around right away, so that your sign would be up before you came. I'm dreadfully sorry, Frank, but you ar'n't angry, are you? You know Aunt Jane meant well."

Frank kissed her sorrowful lips, laughing at her pretty apology.

"No, Annie, I couldn't be angry with Aunt Jane if I tried. I don't know but there's some philosophy in the old lady's reasoning, though it is rather tough to have a fellow's things spoiled in that way. But it can't be helped now; wouldn't do to take it down. I thought my sign looked queer when I came in; but I couldn't well see it, for the folks down stairs were taking my measure from the window."

"I suppose," said Annie, seating herself on his knee and twining her arms about his neck, "I suppose they are very curious by this time. When Aunt Jane went, she talked about the 'doctor' all the way down stairs. Then Uncle Bob came and sounded your trumpet well, I assure you."

"Perhaps Aunt Jane has made me my fortune. Who knows? At all events, she has done her best, and I shall hold her in everlasting remembrance; whether gratefully or otherwise I can't say yet. The result shall decide."

"Ah! no, Frank. Be grateful for the intended kindness, let it result as it may."

"Yes, yes, Annie; didn't you know I was jesting?"

Frank's "perhaps" proved to be a certainty. In less than a week he was aroused at midnight to attend a child dangerously ill with croup.

"It was merely by accident that I learned of you," explained the father as he led the way to his house. "An old lady was inquiring for you at our house, and my little son told me one evening that he had seen your sign at Number 60."

Frank found the child in imminent peril, but he was equal to the emergency. In the course of a month, having treated several cases with marked success, he was rapidly introduced to practice.

Still in the prime of life, he has long enjoyed an independent fortune. Annie is still beautiful, still trustful, "still careful in many things."

Often, in the happiness of their elegant home, surrounded with lovely sons and daughters, they speak of Aunt Jane, who was long since laid to rest, and never fail to acknowledge that to her innocent strategy they owe much of their success in life.

—Youth is fed by poetry and imagination; mature age by realities; as plants draw all their nourishment from the air until they bear fruit, and afterwards, from the ground only.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

IT MAY BE.

BY RUTHELLA SCHULTE.

Mother, it may be that in years to come,
When deeper lines are graven on thy brow,
When thou art nearer thy eternal home,
And longer for the land where thou art now;
It may be that some day, declining, alone,
Thou'lt sit and ponder here, and Memory's still,
Swift waves are at our feet; unmoored, unknown,
The solitary boat may be impelled
With thinking on the land, thy darling dwelt.

It may be, mother, that in distant lands
I shall be wandering, afar from thee;
Or, on the ocean, onward flowing strands
I may be listening. Or it may be,
And then it seems to me, yet evil winds drend—
That still and cold I may be sleeping here.
Think of me, mother dear, when I am dead,
Think of me kindly, oft, tenderly.
Tenderly think of me, when in the grave I lie!

Mother, I know that you, at least, will mourn;
I need not say—"Weep not," for I would have
You weep with better tears when I am gone!
All joy is life, and all the false I crave
Of earth or heaven, is love! There may be one
More precious name, mother, who will weep
When to the narrow bed my form is borne;
But then my memory will linger long
When many a summer shines above my desolate
abode!

Yet, mother, it may be that I shall live!
To see thee dressing thy locks in silver-gray!
To hear thy soft voice falter tenderly, to grow
Still more tender! To see thee wag
Stricken and suffered, in the days gone by!
To hear it fall, and see the cold earth fall
The narrow bed! To see thee turn the
The fragrant rose where tears and dews shall,
Of heaven's own balm, bathe the grassy mound, low
laid!

But, mother, this my prayer: O, may it be
If God shall call us to the better land
That we together may be summoned! May
May greet again our ever beloved band
O, happiness of heaven! O, perfect love!
O, eyes unveiled, and things unknown before!
When shall we walk with you the courts above?
Hour, gracious Father, hear our fervent prayer!
Of all we love, let not one form be missing there!

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XXXII.

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

A STRANGE AND STARTLING ENCOUNTER!

The ship on board which we had been pleased a feeling proved to be the *Israel Putnam*, owned in, and bound for, Boston, with a cargo of wine and fruit. The captain's name was Isaac Dodman, and among the first points of mutual interest established between me was the fact that he had sailed several voyages with my father, and, of course we were good friends from that hour, and much as the services of Paddy could be spared, he was needed on board, our shipping was a very pleasant one. During the first night I established myself in the good graces of the captain, and told him some of my adventures; and as they touched him from my manner of relating them, I was pleased.

I had plenty more in reserve, they promised to supply much pleasure in the way of narration, and I may say here that I do not think they were disappointed.

The ship was indeed short-handed, and when the captain found that I was fairly master of navigation he called upon me often to assist him in that department. We were blessed with fair winds, and from the fourteenth to the nineteenth of December we ran off an average of ten knots an hour. We had hoped to reach home by the first day of January, but knew we must wait the third that we entered Massachusetts Bay, and as the morning of the twenty-second broke a pilot on board, and ran up Boston Harbor. There was some trouble about getting to our place at the wharf, so that we were forced to lie in the stream until late in the afternoon of the fifth.

I had been on board the *Israel Putnam* not quite a month; but under the circumstances the captain found that I was almost necessary, and could consider half of it as lent, which I could repay if I ever found myself absolutely short. He took the money because I needed it, for I was shorn to borrow clothing of my own, and I could go on shore and buy some. Philip and I went together to a good hotel, and as we were fortunate enough to have a room in his house, we made that our headquarters while we could be in the city. One of the mates whom he took on if we desire our services while we waited as a sailor, but would soon find a good situation. In this way I got a good wage, and both of us were very comfortable indeed, and had twenty dollars left.

That night—Saturday—Philip and I slept at the forecastle of the ship; and early on the following morning we went up into the neighborhood in Kim street. There was a covered sleigh to start for Salem within an hour, and we took it—and; as I left my companion to take the stage, while I started off on the first. I was glad to get old home to Malden was only five miles, and the walk would be invigorating. We agreed on the return and help unload the ship, so we only said to each other "good-bye" as I left.

Once more Sabbath morning, and once more approaching the scenes of my early childhood. How natural it all seemed. On I plodded, until at length I reached the bear of Malden Hill, and there I stopped and looked down upon the old home. It was the first home I had ever known from there. The blue smoke was curling up from the great square chimney, and I knew that there was comfort within. Oh, that grand old Faith! But it is not new what I am about to say, I speak and the pint and the piece, during all the years of my absence, had undergone many changes; and though the improvements had been made, the dwelling-hand of improvement on every house could be plainly seen. I took it all in at a look.

Once more, then, so now, I entered the low porch at the back of the house, and opened the door into the kitchen with no ceremony. My mother was there, seated by the great old fireplace, and near her sat Ellen. She was grown. My mother was the first to discover me—the first to extend her arms.

Once more upon that bosom where first on earth I had found rest! How full my heart was within those arms which had sustained me through the helpless days of infancy! And more the glad music of a mother's blessing sounding in my ears! How thrill to my heart the tones of my voice and pierce my eyes like strong foundations! Sweet moments of joy! Sweet confirm and enduring.

I had embraced Ellen and Mary, and very shortly then, Tucker and Eustasia joined the glad group in the kitchen, and for a time I knew there was little sense or reason in what was said to me. But by and by we grew composed then, and I was called upon to eat a second breakfast, which I found no difficulty in doing, for though I was eating my mother told me of the letter which she had received from me by the *Franklin*, of Baltimore. Of course she had been under the most painful apprehensions, and more than once while she sat by my side as I sat did she raise and open her eyes, and gaze upon the objects about her, to assure herself that the joyous scene of joy was not a delusion.

The reader may imagine the doings and the feelings of the remainder of that Sunday. But for there is no need that I should set it. I may say that at night when our circle broke up for retiring, and yet I had not told more than half of my adventures. There had been so many questions to answer, and so many minor points to explain, that I had progressed but slowly in my narrative.

In those days there were not so many lamp-posts scattered in the streets as there are now, and the crews of ships stuck by to unload instead of taking their pay and proceeding at once to spend it; so, on Monday morning, I got on board the coach as it passed our door, and by the time the crew of the *Putnam* were ready for work I was on board the ship, and Philip was at his side. At the end of a week my work was done and I was free; and when I spoke with Captain Dodman about the extra pay he had given me, he assured me that it was all right. He had told the owners my story, and they had allowed the full amount. He spoke to me about shipping with him for a voyage to Holland; but I told him I could not do it then. I must see the owners of the *Nantucket* before I entered into any new arrangement.

And when Philip returned home I went with him, and called upon Mr. Gray, the chief owner of our old ship. Philip had already told him our story, so all I had to do in that direction was to corroborate what my companion had told, though he kept me over an hour busily employed in giving an account of the most startling of our adventures; and then, from Mr. Gray's business, I was obliged to turn his attention to others, who I could not stay to listen to.

He asked me how I was situated in regard to money matters, and I answered that I was in need none; for what Captain Dodman had given me, and what I had saved up in Spanish dollars, and then Mr. Gray gave me an example of that confidence in mankind for which he was noted. He sat down at his desk and reckoned what my wages would have amounted to from the day on which I shipped on board the *Nantucking* for the last voyage in the ground, and he made it to be one hundred and forty dollars to the end of January, and for that he gave me a check on a Salem bank and gave it to me. I was crying a hard word to thank him for my gratitude, when he placed his hand upon my mouth and imperatively said:

"It's all right, my brave boy. I know what you would say, and it is all right. I will not then take care of yourself; only remember that you are still in my employ, for your next service is not yet up. Go home and make a good visit, and then go Salem, remaining there nothing, report to me."

Of course I obeyed, for I cherished; and with that I turned and left the office.

"Now, where can we would have done by me all did Grey and my mother were more people who called him selfish and hard-hearted. He was a man who, when he gave away money, and as most of those who boy money have very little wisdom of their own, they are sure to get taken in it others. Mr. Grey tried to make those he employed comfortable, and considered that if there were men who could not appreciate true kindness and liberality, he was not obliged to. But which the merchant had reposed to them, and he was forced to find out for himself, for he never knew about him a man who had once served him a man false. Mr. Grey was a merchant, Mr. Grey hard-hearted.

I found plenty of opportunities to ship, and a few masters offered me extra inducements; but I remembered my promise to Mr. Gray, and I abide by it. At first, Mr. Grey had thought of keeping me there in the office as a clerk, and then sending me out in her again; but now, on the first of February, I found that my wages were brought to a standstill. War with France was certain, and I knew that my next ship I should send my mess ship out until the ne was declared and settled.

During this month of February I was often blessed most of the time in the stable and office of Mr. Grey's brother, Mr. Grey, and as I was a favorite with him, he may "why not go with me and voyage?" I had been to the East Indies, and I had been to the Mediterranean, and I had been to the West Indies, and I had been to the Baltic, and I had been to the Black Sea, and I had been to the Arctic Ocean, and I had been to the Antarctic Ocean, and I had been to the Pacific Ocean, and I had been to the Indian Ocean, and I had been to the Atlantic Ocean, and I had been to the Gulf of Mexico, and I had been to the Caribbean Sea, and I had been to the Mediterranean Sea, and I had been to the Adriatic Sea, and I had been to the Aegean Sea, and I had been to the Ionian Sea, and I had been to the Tyrrhenian Sea, and I had been to the Ligurian Sea, and I had been to the Gulf of Lyons, and I had been to the Bay of Biscay, and I had been to the English Channel, and I had been to the North Sea, and I had been to the Baltic Sea, and I had been to the Gulf of Bothnia, and I had been to the Gulf of Finland, and I had been to the Gulf of Riga, and I had been to the Gulf of Livonia, and I had been to the Gulf of Courland, and I had been to the Gulf of Danzig, and I had been to the Gulf of Dantzic, and I had been to the Gulf of Stettin, and I had been to the Gulf of Pomerania, and I had been to the Gulf of Mecklenburg, and I had been to the Gulf of Lubeck, and I had been to the Gulf of Kiel, and I had been to the Gulf of Heligoland, and I had been to the Gulf of Helgoland, and I had been to the Gulf of Helgoland, and I had been to the Gulf of Helg